

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 59.—VOL. III. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

REVIEWS.

*Life of Charles James Fox.* By Lord John Russell. Vol. II. (Bentley.)

THE criticisms bestowed upon the first volume of this biography appear at all events to have had one good effect. They have spurred the noble author to an effort at improving the form in which his work shall be presented to the public. In the present volume there is much less that is slovenly, much less that is monotonous, than in the former one. It is also better written, and is diversified by occasional passages of real power and eloquence. If equally deficient as a biography, it is much less so as a narrative. And regarded, as the author means it to be regarded, as an account of the times rather than the life of the great Whig statesman, it certainly deserves the praise of a concise and well-proportioned history. At the same time we cannot refrain from expressing how strongly we dissent from this conception of the biographer's duty. In the life of a public man it is before all things necessary to follow him from his study to his place in the House; and from the speech that thrills through Europe to the laugh that inspires the supper-table. To have all the grave in one part and all the gay in another is to cut the man in two, and gives about as clear a notion of him as if we were shown his legs in one room, and the rest of his body in another. Barring this fundamental error, the present volume is a creditable performance. As we have already said, it is more interesting and better written than the last, and is as impartial as could perhaps reasonably be expected.

One cause, no doubt, of the increased interest of the present volume is the character of the period which it traverses. The first volume, as readers of this journal will remember, stopped short at the defeat of the Shelburne Ministry in February, 1783. Starting from that point, Lord John gives us his version of the Coalition Ministry which succeeded, under the Duke of Portland; of their speedy loss of popularity; of their wreck upon Fox's India Bill; of Pitt's accession to the Treasury, and the struggles which he waged against the majority of the House of Commons till Parliament was dissolved; of Pitt's great financial reforms; of the trial of Warren Hastings; the outbreak of the French Revolution, and the steps by which England was gradually drawn into the war. It will at once be seen that these ten years comprise a much greater variety of interesting events than the previous ten. But, however, we do not want to rob Lord John of the credit, so will content ourselves with saying that the author has risen with his subject.

Of Mr. Fox's coalition with Lord North, Lord John has very little to say in vindication. We shall not discuss it now, as we said all we had to say upon the subject in our notice of the first volume. One important lesson may however be learned from the fate which overtook the authors of that ill-judged transaction; namely, that the people of this country are incapable of appreciating those subtleties of reasoning by which statesmen justify such proceedings to themselves; and then they judge of public men for the most part on tangible and general grounds. Fox never regained the popularity which he lost

by this movement, though a hundred good reasons for it might be adduced by his particular friends. The broad fact could not be got over. He had agreed to fight side by side with a man of whom he disapproved not only the policy, but the principles, when it became clear to him that he could obtain office on no other terms. This was the only light in which the public could be brought to see it. The conductor of the American war and the champion of prerogative, was embraced by the opponent of both, when the far more important object of 5000*l.* a-year was to be gained by their agreement. We do not mean either that Fox or North were really actuated by such motives; but the people will never believe that compacts of this kind are entirely free from such considerations, and those who imitate the ambition of Mr. Fox, must expect to incur the same punishment. We are very far from thinking ill of Mr. Fox; we believe that nature intended him for a statesman of the first rank, but circumstances interfered with her intention. His early life, and the companions to whom he was introduced while yet in his teens, had done their work on his character by the time he was called upon to take a leading part in public affairs. A disposition to undervalue the scruples of ordinary men, is one of the first products of a life of early dissipation. But all experience shows us that he who begins by despising the obligations by which his inferiors are bound, is very likely to end in a state of general uncertainty about all obligations whatever. His moral vigour is dimmed, and his resisting force abated. So it was with Charles Fox; nor were the politicians among whom his early experience was formed at all calculated to inspire him with a respect for political principles, or faith in political pledges. The sordid and selfish intrigues which made the first ten years of George III.'s reign the most disgraceful period of our parliamentary history had at length been succeeded by a vigorous and permanent administration; yet after twelve years of strong government, this country found herself at a lower pitch in the European system than she had occupied since the Revolution. It would seem, then, that neither Whigs or Tories were any longer able to produce a great man, who was at once superior to faction and equal to the highest duties of government. Something like a contempt for all his contemporaries must have inspired Fox at this period: a scorn of the mysteries of statesmanship, and a distrust of political virtue. When, after breaking up the strong and well-cemented Tory phalanx which had supported Lord North, he found himself suddenly thwarted by a mere boy,—when something told him, in spite of himself, that in the youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer he had encountered a genius equal to his own, combined with a native aptitude for government of a far higher order,—his astonishment and mortification must have been unbounded. Something must be done, and that speedily, to put down this rising rival, and unfortunately Fox chose the wrong thing. There was yet one man in the Whig ranks with whom, if Fox could have made up his mind to co-operate earnestly and faithfully, he might possibly have been enabled to triumph over the young William Pitt, and change the history of the Whig party. We say "possibly," but we do not think it probable that even that combination would have succeeded. There was evidently a re-action in the public

mind in favour of prerogative *as such*. However the King might appear to those who knew him intimately, to the public at large he was the most honest public man of the day. That their sovereign should wish to exercise some share of real power had not yet come to seem strange or intolerable to the British people. They were still highly monarchical. George III. also exhibited in his own person all those domestic virtues which Englishmen prize, and in which the Whig leaders were deficient; while the growing alliance between Fox and the Prince of Wales was sufficient to disgust a people who still retained a deep sense of filial obligations. On the other hand, the Whigs were no longer identified with any great popular movements. Jacobitism was dead; Parliamentary Reform was in its infancy; Roman Catholic Emancipation was eminently an unpopular idea, and the King's known opposition to it only served to strengthen public confidence in his own personal authority. Under these circumstances we repeat it is doubtful even if the closest union between Fox and Edmund Burke could have rehabilitated the Whig Party, or prolonged for any considerable time their lease of administration. But we maintain that this was Fox's only chance; and that, in forming his coalition with North, he was taking the one step above all others calculated to seal the doom of his party, and to convince the public, once for all, of their total want of principle, patriotism, or loyalty. That he should have taken such a step as this we attribute to the moral callousness which his early education had induced, to the contempt for public men with which recent events had inspired him, and to that confidence in his own character which great social popularity has a tendency to produce in all men, but especially in men like Fox. That colloquial geniality, that fatal *bonhomie* which made him the hero of the supper, the gaming-table, or the race-course, led him, as it has done many another man, into a false security. It was impossible that a man who had so many devoted personal friends could do anything dishonourable. Would —, and —, and —, associate with him if he were a fellow capable of sordid and selfish ambition? It was impossible. Many a man by a similar train of reasoning becomes, as it were, a sort of practical Antinomian; and believing it impossible for himself to do wrong, does it right and left. Such we consider to be the best excuse that can be made for Charles Fox at this period of his career. But if his error was a grave one, his punishment was equal to the offence. Exclusion from office for the remainder of his life; the loss of his oldest and dearest political friendship, and the total break-up of that once powerful and popular party which he had hoped to lead to victory, were more than an atonement for this one most unfortunate transgression.

The conduct of political parties during the period to which this volume is confined, is narrated by Lord John Russell with great frankness and fairness, and his narrative is interspersed with remarks, which, coming from a statesman in his present position, are both curious and instructive. Thus of coalition he says:

"Nor is it true, as Mr. Fox seems to have more than once thought, that by combining the chief leaders of weight in debate and experience in affairs, a body might be formed of sufficient power to overcome all resistance, and defy all competition. Where there is a public sentiment,

especially if that sentiment is shared or inspired by the sovereign, there will not be wanting in this country, nurse as it is of free discussion, men capable of becoming the organs and the leaders of a popular and powerful party. Thus, Mr. Pitt, in 1783 and 1784, without a colleague in the House of Commons, defied Mr. Fox, Lord North, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Erskine. Thus, Mr. Perceval, in 1807, defeated the coalition of Lord Grey and Lord Grenville, and led his fanatical majority with undaunted spirit and unquestionable success. Eighteen years of power consolidated the victorious party of Mr. Pitt; twenty years of Tory administration followed the triumph of Mr. Perceval."

This is a most important admission from the present Foreign Secretary; but as the politics of the day do not come within our province, we shall leave the application of it to others.

Again, of Mr. Pitt, he says:

"Thus, in the course of little more than three years from Mr. Pitt's acceptance of office as First Lord of the Treasury, great financial and commercial reforms had been accomplished. By laying on a sufficient amount of taxes to meet the expenditure of the year, public credit had been raised and confirmed. By just economy a surplus of a million had been secured on the balance-sheet, and this sum had been strictly appropriated to the diminution of the national debt. Commerce and manufactures had been promoted by a treaty with France, founded on principles mutually beneficial. For the further benefit of trade, a dark and confused chaos of duties had been penetrated by the light of order and simplicity. The nation, overcoming its difficulties, and rising buoyant from its depression, began rapidly to increase its wealth, to revive its spirit, and renew its strength.

"Such was the work of Mr. Pitt, now no longer the Minister of the Court, but of the nation. The cry of secret influence, and the imputation of his being the organ of an unseen power, was heard less and less as the resources of his powerful understanding developed their energies and ripened their fruits. During this period the conduct of Mr. Fox, though not wanting in ability and in eloquence, betrayed the deficiencies of a mind ready for the debate of the day, but not stored with the reasonings of economical writers, or directed by an enlarged view of the liberal policy of a mercantile people. Whether, while embracing the prejudices of manufacturers, he opposed the Irish propositions, or, while listening to national animosities, he denounced the commercial treaty with France, he displayed on either question a mind whose notions of commerce were erroneous, and whose patriotism fostered national jealousy, in place of cultivating national friendship."

So, too, at page 213:

"At the end of the American War the finances of Great Britain and France were seriously deranged. In five years William Pitt, by judicious retrenchment, by imposts cheerfully borne, and by allowing the energy of the nation free scope, had restored public credit and confirmed public order. A popular sovereign reigned over a contented people, who filled the public coffers and supported a monarchy which they loved."

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this picture of George III. and his Ministers, all ye who think it a mark of enlightenment to sneer at a belief in the national prosperity which existed under Her Majesty's grandfather!

The following sketch of Mirabeau is above Lord John's average:

"Mirabeau was a man of violent passions, of debauched habits—the product of a despotic court and a corrupt state of society; often imprisoned in the Bastille, constantly involved in debt, running from one mistress to another, the slave of his necessities and his impulses, without fixed principles of any kind, no sense of personal

dignity, no scruples, no integrity. But he was a man of genius; he had conceived the idea of a monarchy tempered by liberty, and he was eager to adapt the institutions of England to his own country. He was bold in council, eloquent in the Assembly; he had a natural mastery over the minds of those whom he addressed, and he soon obtained a wonderful ascendancy over the people of France. He never yielded his opinion to the vague theories of philosophers, or the senseless clamour of a mob. In his speeches he defended, with admirable reason and force, the royal prerogative of peace and war. He marked with ability and precision the outlines of a representative constitution. He was the true apostle of monarchy as it is understood in England."

The subjoined will show Lord John's opinion on the "balance of power," and may serve perhaps as some indication how far he is to be relied upon as an advocate of non-intervention:

"It will be seen from these extracts how fully Mr. Fox recognised the doctrine of the balance of power as a guarantee for the security and interests of Great Britain. In fact, there are but few and short steps between the maintenance of that balance and the insecurity of our national independence. The balance of power can only be overthrown by the preponderance of one great State; a great preponderant State would threaten the independence of all its neighbours, and Great Britain would only have a choice between submission and war. So that the words 'balance of power,' which appear to many minds to convey an idle theory, or a flimsy disguise, do in fact mean the maintenance of the liberties and independence of the British people."

We have now to turn to some passages of a more questionable character. On the affair of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lord John quotes a letter of Fox to the Prince of Wales, in which he says:

"The sum of my humble advice, nay, of my most earnest entreaty, is this—that your Royal Highness would not think of marrying till you can marry legally. When that time comes you must judge for yourself; and no doubt you will take into consideration both what is due to private honour and your public station. In the meanwhile, a mock marriage (for it can be no other) is neither honourable for any of the parties, nor, with respect to your Royal Highness, even safe. This appears so clear to me that, if I were Mrs. Fitzherbert's father or brother, I would advise her not by any means to agree to it, and to prefer any other species of connection with you to one leading to so much misery and mischief."

The extraordinary moral obliquity of Fox's mind could not be better shown than by this piece of advice: "If I were Mrs. Fitzherbert's father or brother"—I would recommend her to become your mistress! Making all due allowance for the circumstances of this particular case, and the general laxity of the period, we must confess that in our estimation this letter is no degree short of infamous. The lowest depravity of the Court of Louis XV. did not go beyond brothers and fathers recommending their sisters and daughters to submit to His Majesty's embrace. Yet, here was the leader of that political party in England supposed to be specially inimical to the vices of courts, gravely assuring the heir apparent that a sister's virtue was not to be weighed for a moment against the danger of a disputed succession. That Fox was capable of uttering such a sentiment as this, explains much of his career, and proves how deeply the lessons of his youth had eaten into his natural powers of discriminating between right and wrong. Lord John, however, merely observes:

"It has been said with truth that this letter, while it discouraged an illegal marriage, tended to

favour an illicit connection. It must be confessed that Mr. Fox and his friends were not at all more scrupulous on this head than Henry IV. of France, Charles II., the Duke of Grafton, Lord Sandwich, and other statesmen of the preceding age, or the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York of his own time."

We have no sympathy with excessive prudery. The vices of private men are sometimes the virtues of kings. It may be better for his people that a sovereign should make a mistress of his inferior than a queen. But that does not prove that it was right for the inferior to be made so. Because it might have been unwise for the Prince to marry Mrs. Fitzherbert, that would have been no justification in a brother who should have advised her to dispense with the ceremony. There was nothing worse in Louis XVth's connection with Madame Du Barry than with any other woman; but mankind have been unanimous in the detestation they have evinced for her relations. There would have been nothing worse in Charles II.'s adoption of Alice Bridgenorth into his harem than of any other girl; but would this diminish the criminality of the uncle who took her there? Lord John has made a sad mistake in his comment on this particular letter: he had better have said nothing about it, but if he said anything, it should scarcely have been a half-humorous comparison between Fox and other profligates, who, after all, never did what Fox says he would have done, namely, sacrifice a daughter's honour to save a patron's crown.

With a brief comment on one other passage, we must conclude:

"The separation of Mr. Burke from his party was a natural consequence of the position he had assumed in his book. The breach of friendship with Mr. Fox was an effect of his own wilful intemperance. But it was no momentary passion which confirmed and widened the breach. Mr. Burke did not rest till he had estranged from Mr. Fox many of his best friends, and broken into fragments 'the great and firm body' of the English Whigs."

Now this we totally deny. Mr. Burke remained to the last a consistent 1688 Whig. There were no Whig principles at work in the French Revolution, or if there were, they were very speedily extinguished. But it was necessary, as it has often been at other times, that the party in opposition should keep up a distinction between themselves and the party in office, though there is no real difference remaining. The exigency of the situation makes this hypocrisy excusable. But whenever it is made the basis of action, it is sure to lead to a very considerable secession from the ranks of the party which adopt it. Men not immediately interested in obtaining office, and who have all their lives thought more of principles than of power, will be certain to revolt from such a policy, however indispensable to party purposes. When this state of affairs came about between 1790—1800, Burke was the first to set the example of fidelity to principles at the cost of apostasy to Party. Here, unfortunately, much that he had written twenty years earlier was capable of being turned against himself. But that truly great man did not hesitate. If the only distinction left between Whig and Tory was approval or disapproval of the French Revolution, if all other differences had now been expunged, he would not be the slave of a mere name—and they might call him a Tory if they liked. On all other points he was still the same. And if his old



friends chose to ignore everything else but this one point, they might do so. He would die in the constitutional creed of which he had lived a supporter, and had embalmed in his immortal writings. Posterity has respected and, for the most part, endorsed his motives, while the subsequent history of France has amply proved his wisdom.

*Campaigning Experiences in Central India, in 1857-58.* By Mrs. Henry Duberly. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

THAT a "*Penthesilea furens*" should make but an indifferent historian is scarcely a matter to excite much wonder. And yet it cannot be altogether unreasonable to expect that a writer who undertakes to enlighten the public on any particular subject should be careful as to the correctness of the information thus set before the world. Mrs. Duberly, however, appears to be totally void of embarrassment as to the accuracy of her details whenever she ventures to trespass upon the domain of history. It is true she does not pretend to give the result of her own researches, for her historical sketches are marked off by inverted commas, but she evidently adopts them as thoroughly truthful. Passing over minor inaccuracies, we shall content ourselves with drawing our readers' attention to one monstrous example of ignorance and malevolence—the ignorance being on the part of the lady, and the malevolence on that of her informant. We are informed that Bajee Rao, the ex-Peishwa

"Assisted the East India Company in their war against Tipoo Saib, the tiger of Seringapatam; and, as a reward for doing so, the Company, after years of strife with him—after negotiations, exactions, and treaties, and violations of those treaties on their parts—contrived in 1817 to get hold of his dominions. After numerous and fierce conflicts, Bajee Rao, at the head of 8000 men, with an advantageous post, was prepared to do battle for the sovereignty of the Deccan, when Brigadier-General Sir John Malcolm, who commanded the British forces, sent a flag of truce to him with proposals of surrender."

Such a tissue of wilful blunders is rarely to be met with. In the first place Bajee Rao not only declined to take any part in the war against Tipoo Sultan, but earnestly endeavoured to separate the Nizam from his English allies, and to draw him into a confederacy against the power which had hitherto befriended him. Throughout his troubled and chequered reign, Bajee Rao never ceased to intrigue against the British government, whose conduct towards himself was marked by unparalleled forbearance and long-suffering. It is utterly untrue that they ever violated a single engagement, or attempted to take advantage of his misfortunes. On the contrary, they protected him against his formidable rival Holkar, and actually restored him to the musnud after his defeat by that chieftain. In return for this and similar favours, Bajee Rao incessantly instigated Holkar and Scindia, and the Rajah of Nagpore, to form a coalition against the British, and actually prevailed upon the last-named prince to attack the Resident's camp at Seetabuldee. At length, having himself ventured to take up arms, he sustained two severe defeats and lost his chief strongholds, and finally made overtures of submission to Sir John Malcolm, when escape from the forces that hemmed him in on all sides was morally impossible. He himself exclaimed in the course of

a subsequent interview with Sir John: "How can I resist now? I am surrounded! General Doveton is at Borhampore; you are at Metowla; Colonel Russell at Boorgham. I am inclosed." The result of some further negotiations was the surrender of the Peishwa on terms far too advantageous, considering the desperate state of his fortunes. In addition to an ample provision for his adherents, an annual pension of 80,000*l.* a year was secured to him and his rightful heirs, and the estate of Bithoor was settled upon him in freehold. "The East India Company," says Mrs. Duberly, or her informant,

"With their usual grasping and illiberal spirit of covetousness, were displeased with Sir John Malcolm for granting these terms. They could not recede from them; but they and the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, took care to limit the stipulated allowance to the smallest sum mentioned in the treaty, namely, eight lakhs of rupees, or 80,000*l.* per annum."

Now the facts of the case are simply these: the Marquis of Hastings, not Lord Hardinge, had sent instructions to Sir John Malcolm that, in the event of the Peishwa's surrender, the stipend to be allotted to him should either be left to the decision of Government, or "fixed at the lowest sum adequate to support him in comfort and respectability." Disastrous consequences had already been experienced from making too large an allowance to native princes, writhing under the loss of power. The mutiny at Vellore was undoubtedly caused in a great measure by the ample means placed at the disposal of Tipoo's sons; and to avoid a similar error in the case of the Peishwa, the Governor-General had endeavoured to put a wholesome check on Sir John Malcolm's munificence. The evil, however, was done before the instructions arrived, and the Marquis, while he regretted the circumstance, at once ratified Sir John's too liberal engagements. As for the Nana, it is well known that he was adopted by the Peishwa without the sanction of the British Government, and that consequently the ceremony was illegal and invalid.

However, Mrs. Duberly's descriptions of what she actually saw and experienced are oftentimes amusing, and atone in some degree for her historical shortcomings. At the same time we cannot admire the taste which impelled her to accompany a movable column on active service. Such scenes, for instance, as the following, scarcely harmonise with one's ideas of what is befitting the gentler sex to behold and encounter. Maun Sing, the Rajah of Powree, had just been surprised in the jungle, and his followers routed with considerable slaughter, Mrs. Duberly keeping well up with the combatants:

"Some circumstances that came under my notice were very distressing. A man shot in the head, and who was bleeding profusely from his wound, was tended by his little daughter, apparently about twelve years old, who held up her hands imploring mercy and pity as we passed. Nor was I the only one who tried to re-assure and comfort her. One of our servants, when he joined us later in the day, brought with him a little boy, about seven years old, whom he found standing by his dead father, who had been shot, and had fallen from his horse. The dead man, the child and horse were in a group, and our servant charitably took the child, and placing him before him on his own horse, brought him into camp. I became possessed too of a small white dog, which, together with a baby of six or seven months old, was found lying on a bed, from whence the

mother, frenzied, I suppose, by terror, had fled, and left her child behind! The little one was sitting up and laughing, pleased at the horses and soldiers as they passed. This child was also brought on and given to the care of a woman in our camp, and the little dog was sent to me. I was told of a woman who, in the action of Beejapore, was endeavouring to escape with her child, but in the agony of fear she clasped it so closely to her side, that in her passionate efforts to save its life, she had squeezed it to death, and was still flying with it hanging over her arm, and pressed as closely as ever, but dead and cold."

On the subject of dress Mrs. Duberly makes some remarks worthy of the serious consideration of the military authorities. Towards the end of May, beneath a fierce tropical sun, the column was pushing on towards Chandaree through a thick jungle:

"The march, directly and indirectly, cost several lives. Two men of the 95th were struck down by the sun, and perished where they fell. One poor fellow dropped backwards as if shot, just as I rode up, and in a few moments the convulsive action commenced in all his limbs; his lips and face became black almost before life was extinct. The men of the 95th on this day, and for some time after, marched in their scarlet jackets. The fatigue of walking in such heat is enormous, and when to that is added a close-fitting cloth dress, of course it must be doubled. It seems to me most wanton to sacrifice life to appearance in such a way. The calculation is that each European soldier costs more than one hundred pounds to equip and send out to this country. Surely, then, from economical, if not from any higher motives, everything should be done to alleviate his sufferings, and to give him a chance for his life. I would myself on no account venture out in the sun with a forage-cap and thin white cover on my head, such as the men wear; but when to that is added the dress made for and suited to an English climate, the want of common sense becomes still more apparent."

"The 8th Hussars march in stable jackets, cloth overalls, and forage-caps with covers—even a hotter dress than that worn by the infantry; and the officers, and most of the men, have sheepskins on their saddles, the heat and discomfort of which are very great; but being mounted, they have not to make the same exertions as a foot-soldier."

"The dress of the 3rd troop of Horse Artillery contrasts pleasantly enough with those which I have described. Officers and men wear the helmet covered with white, thickly padded round the temples, loose white serge jackets over their shirts, and regimental overalls. They have no sheepskins, which make the saddles of the Hussars a penance to sit on."

With one more extract illustrative of true heroism in woman, we take leave of Mrs. Duberly's campaignings with little regret, and with still less desire to be favoured with any more of such experiences:

"We have just had an instance of the wonderful things women can do. Mrs. Cotgrave, the wife of an officer in the 3rd Europeans, who was stationed at Jhansi, and had obtained permanent employment there, determined to join her husband. With a little graceful and delicate child of four years old, and her ayah, she left Poonah, and travelled by bullock-train to Mhow. Here great difficulties were made, and reasonably, on the part of the authorities, as there was danger in allowing her to proceed. Fearing she would be detained, she left Mhow one night unexpectedly, and travelled in a gharry without an escort of any kind. As they were passing through thick jungle, the gharry, with its helpless freight of two women and a little girl, broke down. The native cart, containing the baggage, had gone on, and was some distance in front. Mrs. Cotgrave's fear of tigers and wild beasts was very great; but she told me that she sat by the wayside during more than an hour, with her little child held tightly in her arms, and trembling with fear, for the jackals



were screaming round her with their frightful and unearthly laugh, while the gharry wallah mended the cart. After many delays and adventures she reached Goonah; and I had the satisfaction of hearing, some time afterwards, that she had rejoined her husband at Jhansi in safety."

*On Hallucinations: History and Explanation of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstasy, Magnetism, and Somnambulism.*  
By A. Brière de Boismont, M.D., &c.  
Translated from the French by Robert T. Hulme, F.L.S., &c. (Renshaw.)

Dr. Brière de Boismont is a French physician who has devoted his attention especially to the study of mental disease in all its various forms, and who has attained to a most distinguished position in this branch of medical science. In fact, he enjoys in France a reputation analogous to that of Dr. Conolly or Dr. Forbes Winslow in England. A sufficient proof of the authority which is generally attached to his opinion on all matters connected with mental derangement, is found in the fact that two large editions of a treatise on Hallucinations which he has recently published have been speedily exhausted. This work was, in its original form, especially addressed to members of its author's profession; but it occurred to Mr. Hulme that, considering the general interest which attaches to the subject, its circulation might advantageously be extended beyond the narrow circle of professional readers, and that it would form an acceptable addition to the general scientific literature of our country. With this view he has executed a translation of the work in a somewhat abridged form, omitting entirely some few cases which, from their nature, were likely to possess interest for the physiologist only, and relating others in a less detailed manner. In the performance of this task, he has had the advantage of access to various manuscript notes and alterations prepared by Dr. de Boismont for introduction into the new edition of his work; so that the volume before us may be regarded as a condensed summary of the most recent opinions of this distinguished authority on the interesting subject of which it treats. Such being the case, it was not unnatural that we should take up the volume with considerable curiosity, and with very high expectations as to the information which it was likely to afford; nor that we should experience a proportionate feeling of disappointment when, on laying it down, we are obliged to confess that these expectations have been, at best, but imperfectly realised. This feeling of disappointment is of a vague, rather than of a special, character, and it is far from an easy task to assign to it its exact cause. That the book contains much valuable and interesting matter, or that it evinces an intimate and extensive knowledge of its subject on the part of its author, no one can deny; and it is constructed with at least a considerable show of that systematic method which is so distinguishing and valuable a characteristic of the majority of French scientific writers. Still, notwithstanding all this, when, after a careful perusal, we proceed to take stock of the impressions produced by the book we are surprised to find that they are mostly of a vague and unsubstantial nature; and that the number of points upon which more definite ideas have been obtained is not at all commensurate either with the real value of the materials, or with the labour which has obviously been bestowed upon their arrangement. No doubt Dr. de Boismont's own

notions are on every point perfectly clear and distinct; but his exposition of them does not always succeed in conveying to the reader a corresponding impression. We propose to give a brief summary of the principal conclusions at which he seems to us to have arrived; premising, however, that, owing to the considerations to which we have just alluded, our analysis of his work may possibly be neither exhaustive nor complete.

Before proceeding to a detailed examination of the nature and causes of hallucinations, it is of course necessary to begin by determining the precise signification which we intend to attach to the term. Accordingly, Dr. de Boismont, after enumerating the various definitions which have been adopted by former writers, proceeds to enunciate his own in the following terms: a hallucination is the perception of the sensible signs of an idea. This definition requires a few words of explanation. Granting that ideas are of two kinds, the primary or innate, which are implanted in our minds directly by the Deity himself; and the secondary or sensational, which reach us through the medium of our senses; the ideas which are capable of being the subject of hallucinations can obviously belong to the latter class only. Indeed, Dr. de Boismont expresses a decided opinion that insanity, in all its forms, deals exclusively with sensational ideas; primary ideas, in their essential character at least, being entirely beyond its influence. The ordinary course of formation of a sensational idea consists firstly in the perception by the senses of the external image of an object, and secondly, in the transmission of this image by the senses to the brain. The senses deal with the image only, they have nothing to do with the idea. The manner in which a hallucination is formed is precisely the reverse of this. The idea is first created in the brain, and the image of it is subsequently presented to the senses. A hallucination, therefore, is the perception of an image which does not arise from an external object. This leads us to the distinction between hallucinations and illusions. An illusion is defined as the false appreciation of a real sensation. In an illusion there is always an external object, the image of which is transmitted by the senses to the brain; but the interpretation of this image—in other words, the idea created from it by the brain—is a false one. Don Quixote, when he took the windmills for giants, was subject, not to a hallucination, but to an illusion.

Admitting the above definitions to be correct, a little reflection will suffice to show how immense is the number of phenomena which must be placed in one or the other category. Every spiritual apparition on record must have been either a hallucination or an illusion. Dr. de Boismont, actuated apparently by a vague feeling of reverence for sacred subjects, inclines to regard all apparitions which are recorded in the Scriptures, and all those the result of which was the conversion of a sinner, not as hallucinations but as supernatural appearances: a distinction which seems to us to be utterly untenable; and which is not only unphilosophical in the highest degree, but absolutely useless and unnecessary. Considering, therefore, not only the numbers but also the characters of those whom we know to have been subject to hallucinations, we can scarcely conceive how any inquirer could arrive at the conclusion that hallucinations are a sign of, and inseparable from,

insanity. Yet this is the conclusion which, until recently, appears to have been generally adopted. Dr. de Boismont, however, rejects it altogether. He draws a distinction between hallucinations which do, and those which do not, involve insanity, designating the latter physiological, the former pathological hallucinations. A physiological hallucination is only an exaggerated condition of the normal phenomenon exhibited in the mental reproduction of sensational perceptions by the memory and the imagination; a faculty which it is well known can, if duly cultivated by practice, be exercised at will to almost any extent. In support of his view that hallucinations may exist without insanity, Dr. de Boismont cites those arising from an intense religious feeling, which were so numerous at the period of the Crusades as to be almost epidemic in their character, and of which the cases of Loyola, Joan of Arc, Luther, and others, afford such striking single instances. Hallucinations such as these, which belong to the society, rather than to the individual, are scarcely ever met in modern times, when, each individual character being strongly developed, not only hallucinations, but also the prevalent forms of insanity, possess each a peculiar characteristic, and are no longer moulded on a common type.

As regards the classification of hallucinations, Dr. de Boismont proceeds with a great show of systematic method, arranging them under ten heads, which include every form of the phenomenon with which he is acquainted. The first class comprises such hallucinations as do not involve insanity; the second, such as do involve insanity; and the remaining eight are mainly made up of hallucinations to which some particular cause may be assigned. These especial causes may be either moral or physical: an example of the former class is afforded by the hallucinations which accompany ecstasy and somnambulism, while those of delirium, whether occasioned by drink or disease, furnish instances of the latter. When we come to examine it, however, this classification proves to be much less systematic and methodical than it appears to be at first sight. It is not constructed throughout on the same principle, so that each class is not exclusive of every other: a peculiarity which the logician will at once recognise as characteristic of a faulty division. Thus, in the first two classes hallucinations are divided according to their pathological or physiological character; in most of the remaining classes, according to their moral or physical causes; and in the tenth, which is devoted to Epidemic Hallucinations, according to the greater or less frequency of their occurrence at a given time. Hence the two first classes properly include all the others; and the tenth class is scattered among the preceding ones,—a fact of which Dr. de Boismont seems to be aware, when he alleges as a reason for not devoting a special chapter to epidemic hallucinations, that they have already been noticed in the chapters containing those divisions of the subject with which they are most intimately related. The third class, again, which comprises hallucinations in relation to illusions, should not have been admitted at all; for it deals simply with illusions as distinguished from hallucinations. Such being the obvious defects of Dr. de Boismont's classification, it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon it in detail; but his two first classes, in which, as we have already observed, all hallucinations what-

ever are included, will repay a brief examination. The first of these may be subdivided into two sections, according as the hallucinations are or are not corrected by the judgment. In the former case, the patient is quite aware that the image, though perceptible by the external senses, is either the offspring of his imagination or arises from an unhealthy state of body; in the latter, he probably regards it as a supernatural appearance. In neither case, however, does it exercise any injurious influence on the character or conduct, though instances have occurred in which the patient, though fully aware of the unreality of the apparitions, has sunk and died under the terror which they inspired. In hallucinations of the second class the patient has lost the power of comparison, regards the hallucination as a reality, and frames his actions in accordance with the impression which it produces. Many unaccountable acts which cannot be explained either by the character, the manners, or the habits of the individual, are doubtless to be attributed to this cause. As Dr. de Boismont observes:

"The longer one has been in practice, the more one feels convinced that there are in the world a number of insane persons, who, from various causes, have never sought the assistance of a medical man, and whose insanity has not been noticed by those with whom they associate. Such persons are quarrelsome, engage in duels, injure, beat, or assassinate their fellow men, or destroy themselves in obedience to voices, commands, or impulses which they find it impossible to resist."

All the senses may be the subjects of hallucinations, either separately, or all at the same time: the latter case, however, is of comparatively rare occurrence. Hallucinations of hearing are the most common, their number being estimated at two-thirds of all that occur: those of sight are far more numerous than those of touch, taste, or smell. Even the loss of a sense does not prevent its being the subject of a hallucination: a fact which affords, perhaps, the best mark of distinction between a hallucination and an illusion.

The chapter devoted by Dr. de Boismont to the medical treatment of hallucinations will be received with great interest, not only by the professional, but also by the general reader. It is only within a recent period that hallucinations have been regarded as susceptible of special treatment: a natural consequence of their having been generally considered merely as a symptom of insanity. M. Leuret, medical officer of the Bicêtre, was the first to point out that they are amenable to peculiar remedies. His method, which consists in resolutely opposing and continually pursuing them until they give way, has been attended with considerable success: but, as Dr. de Boismont observes, its universal application is more possible in a general hospital than in a private asylum, where the patients, from their education and position in society, require treatment of a more conciliatory and less arbitrary character. The means available for the treatment of hallucinations may be arranged under two heads, the physical and the moral. The former consist mainly of general and local blood-letting, of prolonged general baths, of purgatives, emetics, narcotics, and antispasmodics, and of external counter-irritation by means of blisters, moxas, and setons. M. Leuret is in the habit of employing the douche very extensively; a mode of treatment for which Dr. de Boismont generally substitutes what he calls the bath

of irrigation, which consists in allowing water to fall, for hours together, in a thin stream, or in a number of streams like those from a watering-pot, on the head of the patient while seated in the bath. Both these remedies probably act beneficially to a certain degree by cooling the congested organ; but their principal effect seems to be to harass the patient into submission. We cannot but think that the employment of remedies of this character is a matter demanding the constant exercise of the most careful judgment; for not only are they likely to produce in the patient only a feigned abandonment of his delusions, but it is not impossible, as is evident from a recent notorious case in this country, that their excessive application may be attended by fatal results. The administration of *Datura Stramonium*, proposed some years back by Dr. Moreau, of Tours, has been found useful in many cases; but its exhibition in large doses requires great care, since the patient must be constantly watched, in order that the effects of the drug may not be allowed to pass beyond the normal limits. Finally, since hallucinations are not unfrequently caused by some local bodily derangement, all the organs should be carefully examined, to see whether their functions are properly performed. The excitement having been subdued by any or all of the foregoing remedies, the time for the employment of moral means has arrived. These consist essentially in giving rise to fresh impressions, re-awakening the affections, and directing the attention to new objects. The particular means by which these results may best be attained, will, of course, vary with the circumstances of each case; and their selection and employment requires intelligence, a knowledge of mankind, great tact, and, above all, a large amount of perseverance.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than allude very briefly to the concluding chapter of Dr. de Boismont's work, in which he considers hallucinations in their bearing on medical jurisprudence. The singularly careful manner in which his conclusions are balanced and guarded recalls irresistibly the celebrated summing-up of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in the case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*. Men have frequently been accused of all sorts of crimes, who were unfortunate persons who had yielded to the suggestions of a hallucination and insanity: and the too extended application of the word *monomania* has often protected true criminals with the shield of insanity. If a man's hallucinations lead him to commit violent and injurious acts, he ought to be confined: if they do not, he ought not. If a hallucinated patient is unfit to make a will, he ought not to be allowed to do so; but if he is not unfit, it is very wrong to prevent him from doing as he likes in this respect. These statements, though not very new, are unquestionably true; but their repetition does not bring us any nearer to a solution of the only real difficulty, their application in particular cases.

In conclusion, it only remains for us to examine how the translator of this work has performed his duty. Our opinion on this point, is, we are sorry to say, not altogether favourable. The faults that we have to find are the more provoking, because they might all have been prevented by the exercise of the commonest care. Mr. Hulme labours under a continual temptation to translate literally the French definite article, in cases in which, according to

the English idiom, it would certainly be omitted. This tendency leads him to head his third chapter thus: "Sect. I. The hallucinations simple and isolated," and to state at p. 445 that "the resolutions and actions to which the individuals are led by the hallucinations sometimes occur all at once." Sometimes, as in the following instances, his sentences are constructed so carelessly as to be actually ungrammatical. "According to this writer historical events are mostly brought about by isolated minds and individual acts; and that, consequently, in this respect, the facts of history often fall under the dominion of physical laws." "This division of ideas does not hinder us from appreciating the great influence of the physical organisation, and which is most important in relation to our present subject." At p. 221 he speaks of "removing a difficulty," when he obviously means to imply that the difficulty is not removed, but merely transferred from one point to another. We have marked several passages in which we are pretty sure that there must be some mistake in the translation; but, not having the original at hand, we cannot always be certain of its precise nature. In one, however, in which he speaks of "Father Beauregard, a noted *predicteur*," we do not think we are rash in assuming that the original word is *prédicateur*, for which, it is hardly necessary to observe, *preacher* is the English equivalent. If the reception of Mr. Hulme's translation in England proves as favourable as that which the original has met with in France, we strongly advise him to look to these and similar points in the preparation of a second edition.

*Shelley Memorials.* Edited by Lady Shelley. (Smith & Elder.)

EVERYTHING bearing on the life and character of Shelley must needs have intense interest for us all; in chief part, perhaps, because the outer circumstances of his career were so few, and are so well known that any new reading comes like a new fact, with all the excitement and delight of a discovery. Not long since the public was startled, disappointed, and shocked, by a couple of volumes which pretended to be the real life of Shelley as set forth by one of his nearest and most trusted friends; one, too, whose name had always been associated with his, and whose very life had been influenced by the accidents which had moulded his own. From this near friend it was but reasonable to expect a worthy and appreciative memoir—one that would, at the least, speak lovingly and with sympathy, if not with full comprehension of that wonderful genius which so few can rightly understand. But instead of this, a very sad and painful book was put out—mean in spirit and false in inference—a book that exaggerated all the small weaknesses inseparable from humanity, and left the genius and the beauty, the truth and the love undelineated, save by the faintest touches; or, rather, when it touched them at all, caricatured and rendered them ridiculous. From that book no one could gather any worthy memorials of Shelley or his surroundings. That Harriet was stupid, pretty, prosaic, and lymphatic; that her sister Eliza was perpetually combing her hair; that Shelley was untidy, inconsequent, careless of money, and credulous of the "For Ever" of all he liked; that he had strange moody fits which lasted through hours of lonely meditation; and that he and



his generally managed to be exceedingly uncomfortable in their domestic arrangements, pretty well comprise all the new lights which Mr. Hogg cast on the subject. It was not, to say the least of it, a generous rendering of that sweet and lovely nature; and Shelley's family had the right to feel hurt and indignant at the use—misuse, rather—of the documents which they themselves had given up to this unfit biographer. It was more than disappointment at a work badly executed; it was indignation at a breach of trust. This, then, was the origin of Lady Shelley's book. Warmly admiring, as she does, the transcendent genius of her husband's father, and proud of the name which she has made her own, she has entered the lists as the champion of the nobleness and beauty which Mr. Hogg practically denied, thinking to rehabilitate by her reverent love what the irreverence and prosaic commonplace of the other had destroyed. We are sorry she was not stronger for her task. Her book is well written, and lovingly and feelingly conceived; but whether she has been checked by her own timidity, or by some false kind of respect for the feelings of people yet living, or whether, indeed, she has had no more explanatory material than what she has put forth, the fact is the same—she has stumbled into a very weak and unfinished work, which will do nothing for the furtherance of Shelley's fame, though much for the satisfaction and expression of her own love.

In truth Shelley's was not a nature to be written of lightly, or by even affectionate incapacity. The fine subtle threads of which a being so sensitive and delicate as he was composed brook no rude handling, no weak or blundering grasp. We must be on the level of our work to do it thoroughly or well; and to thoroughly understand each other implies equal powers of comprehension if not of origination. It is not enough to love, nor yet to worship: loyal heart does not necessarily include understanding brain; and where Lady Shelley has failed is precisely where almost all biographers of great minds fail—in the want of capacity to make themselves one with and equal to their subject. Is not this the inevitable short-coming of the smaller calibre? If, then, we say, that the poet's gifted daughter-in-law has not been able to compass the full might and glory of one whom his contemporaries misjudged, and his very friends could not understand, we say nothing disparaging of her relative abilities. That she should have been able to write a fitting *Life of Shelley* would have argued her his equal, and proved her possessed of powers as rare as his own; that she has written a loving, weak, unsatisfactory, and reverent memoir is all that we could expect from her, and better than what others have done.

Of Shelley's outward life nothing new is here told us. The painful mistake of "Harriet" is quietly touched on, and her still more painful death but slightly alluded to. It was not likely that the wife of Mary Godwin's son should speak either warmly or at length about ties which Mary Godwin's love helped to sunder. But we have nothing depreciatory, such as Mr. Hogg favoured us with, while speaking with patronising tenderness of "the good Harriet," whose portrait he was so unmercifully caricaturing. It is evidently an unwelcome theme, and the task is got over as soon as possible. That strange Welsh mystery, too, remains as much a

mystery as ever; and who was the would-be assassin, and why there was a would-be assassin at all, is just as great a secret now as it was forty years ago. It was not a dream. Harriet's testimony is too direct for that supposition: but it never seems to have been cleared up, at least for the public; and if Shelley knew who was his assailant, and why, Shelley's family have kept the secret wonderfully well. Letters are spoken of as still kept back from the world, but which, when published, will "make the story of his life complete;" letters "which few now living, except Shelley's own children, have ever perused." It is a pity that his life should have again been written in this fragmentary manner. Whatever Lady Shelley has relating to him, of truth and interest, ought to have appeared in a volume which she has put forth confessedly as a vindication of his name, "to give a truthful statement of long-distorted facts, and to clear away the mist in which the misrepresentations of foes and professed friends have obscured the memory of Shelley." This is exactly what she has not done: has she been afraid to be candid? For instance, speaking of Harriet's death and the cause of their separation, she quotes Mary Godwin's words—words which were delicate and applicable enough then, but which cannot touch the question now, after the lapse of so many years, and in the presence of another generation. Yet it was due to Shelley to tell all the truth, honestly and without reservation. His character has suffered quite enough by these half-confidences, these half-memoirs, of which the result is wholly false. Let Lady Shelley take our advice, and publish all that she has in her possession by which the real character of one of England's greatest poets may be known, so the world be enabled to judge him fairly. Else men say, and with apparent justice, that what she has kept back would do no honour to her subject; and that she has not published the truth, because she has not dared to do so. This is what she and Mary Godwin say of the separation:

"Towards the close of 1813, estrangements, which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley came to a crisis. Separation ensued; and Mrs. Shelley returned to her father's house. Here she gave birth to her second child—a son, who died in 1826.

"The occurrences of this painful epoch in Shelley's life, and of the causes which led to them, I am spared from relating. In Mary Shelley's own words:—'This is not the time to relate the truth; and I should reject any colouring of the truth. No account of these events has ever been given at all approaching reality in their details, either as regards himself or others; nor shall I further allude to them than to remark, that the errors of action committed by a man as noble and generous as Shelley, may, as far as he only is concerned, be fearlessly avowed by those who loved him, in the firm conviction that, were they judged impartially, his character would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary.'

"Of those remaining who were intimate with Shelley at this time, each has given us a different version of this sad event, coloured by his own views and personal feelings. Evidently Shelley confided to none of these friends. We, who bear his name, and are of his family, have in our possession papers written by his own hand, which in after years may make the story of his life complete, and which few now living, except Shelley's own children, have ever perused.

"One mistake which has gone forth to the world, we feel ourselves called upon positively to contradict.

"Harriet's death has sometimes been ascribed to Shelley. This is entirely false. There was no

immediate connection whatever between her tragic end and any conduct on the part of her husband. It is true, however, that it was a permanent source of the deepest sorrow to him; for never during all his after life did the dark shade depart which had fallen on his gentle and sensitive nature from the self-sought grave of the companion of his early youth."

Again, we have another provoking mystery for those who cannot supply names and data, in the glimpse which she affords of a certain scandal set afloat during the Italian sojourn. Asterisk and hiatus make up the "details" from which Lady Shelley is soon "anxious to pass." Unless we had known what was alluded to, we had been as much in the dark as every ordinary reader will be, but we give the story as we find it, to prove the reasonableness of our complaint of Lady Shelley's inordinate reticence.

"My dearest Mary,—I arrived last night at ten o'clock, and sat up talking with Lord Byron until five o'clock this morning. I then went to sleep, and now awake at eleven, and, having despatched my breakfast as quick as possible, mean to devote the interval until twelve, when the post departs, to you.

"Lord Byron has told me of a circumstance that shocks me exceedingly, because it exhibits a degree of desperate and wicked malice for which I am at a loss to account. When I hear such things, my patience and my philosophy are put to a severe proof, whilst I refrain from seeking out some obscure hiding-place, where the countenance of man may never meet me more.

"Imagine my despair of good; imagine how it is possible that one of so weak and sensitive a nature as mine can run further the gauntlet through this hellish society of men. You should write to the Hoppners a letter refuting the charge, in case you believe and know, and can prove that it is false; stating the grounds and proofs of your belief. I need not dictate what you should say; nor, I hope, inspire you with warmth to rebut a charge which you only effectually can rebut."

"To this letter, Mrs. Shelley thus replied:

"My dear Shelley,—Shocked beyond all measure as I was, I instantly wrote the enclosed. If the task be not too dreadful, pray copy it for me. I cannot.

"Read that part of your letter which contains the accusation. I tried, but I could not write it. I think I could as soon have died. I send also Elise's last letter: enclose it or not, as you think best.

"I wrote to you with far different feelings last night, beloved friend. Our bark is indeed 'tempest-tost;' but love me as you have ever done, and God preserve my child to me, and our enemies shall not be too much for us. Consider well if Florence be a fit residence for us. I love, I own, to face danger; but I would not be imprudent.

"Pray get my letter to Mrs. H. copied, for a thousand reasons. Adieu, dearest! Take care of yourself—all yet is well. The shock for me is over, and I now despise the slander; but it must not pass uncontradicted. I sincerely thank Lord Byron for his kind unbelief.

"Affectionately yours, "M. W. S."

"Friday.

"Do not think me imprudent in mentioning C.'s illness at Naples. It is well to meet facts. They are as cunning as wicked. I have read over my letter: it is written in haste; but it were as well that the first burst of feeling should be expressed. No letters."

"From Shelley to Mrs. Shelley.

"Thursday, Ravenna.

"I have received your letter with that to Mrs. Hoppner. I do not wonder, my dearest friend, that you should have been moved. I was at first; but speedily regained the indifference which the opinion of anything or anybody, except our own



consciences, amply merits, and day by day shall more receive from me. I have not recopied your letter—such a measure would destroy its authenticity—but have given it to Lord Byron, who has engaged to send it, with his own comments, to the Hoppners.

"People do not hesitate, it seems, to make themselves panders and accomplices to slander; for the Hoppners had exacted from Lord Byron that these accusations should be concealed from me. Lord Byron is not a man to keep a secret, good or bad; but, in openly confessing that he has not done so, he must observe a certain delicacy, and therefore wished to send the letter himself; and indeed this adds weight to your representations.

"Have you seen the article in the *Literary Gazette* on me? They evidently allude to some story of this kind. However cautious the Hoppners have been in preventing the calumniated person from asserting his justification, you know too much of the world not to be certain that this was the utmost limit of their caution. So much for nothing.

"My greatest comfort would be utterly to desert all human society. I would retire with you and our children to a solitary island in the sea; would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the floodgates of the world. I would read no reviews, and talk with no authors. If I dared trust my imagination, it would tell me that there are one or two chosen companions, besides yourself, whom I should desire. But to this I would not listen. Where two or three are gathered together, the devil is among them; and good, far more than evil, impulse—love, far more than hatred—has been to me, except as you have been its object, the source of all sorts of mischief. So, on this plan, I would be alone, and would devote, either to oblivion or to future generations, the overflowings of a mind which, timely withdrawn from the contagion, should be kept fit for no baser object. But this it does not appear that we shall do.

"The other side of the alternative (for a medium ought not to be adopted) is to form for ourselves a society of our own class, as much as possible, in intellect or in feelings; and to connect ourselves with the interests of that society. Our roots never struck so deeply as at Pisa, and the transplanted tree flourishes not. People who lead the lives which we led until last winter, are like a family of Wahabee Arabs pitching their tent in the middle of London. We must do one thing or the other: for yourself—for our child—for our existence. The calumnies, the sources of which are probably deeper than we perceive, have ultimately for object the depriving us of the means of security and subsistence. You will easily perceive the gradations by which calumny proceeds to pretext, pretext to persecution, and persecution to the ban of fire and water. It is for this—and not because this or that fool, or the whole court of fools curse and rail—that calumny is worth refuting or chastising."

We have made a long extract, partly to illustrate Lady Shelley's mode of relating anecdotes, partly as affording a very good portrait of Shelley in some of his moods. How the heart, which was so full of love and gentleness, could be stung to wrath, and wounded to intensest bitterness, is no secret to those who knew him. It was in this wrath and bitterness that his manhood asserted itself; that he ceased to be the mere intellectual thinker, the mere day-dream poet, the simple virtuous youth, loving and guileless, which else he might have become. The passionate curse, the wild agony of rage at the sight of sin and wrong, the thunder-bolts hurled against injustice and tyranny, the scorn flung down like poison upon evil deeds and evil-doers, were so many attestations of the manhood and the power within, which not all his saintly pity, not all his feminine love, had weakened or

destroyed. Had Shelley been without anger, he had been simply without mental manhood.

The painful story of that terrible day at Spezzia is told again, when the two unhappy wives watched and prayed through the raging storm, while their husbands lay dead beneath the surging waves; and then we come to those wild dramatic obsequies, when the bodies were burnt on the dark shores, with Byron, Hunt, and Trelawny, and a file of dark-browed soldiers, as the mourners and assistants. No personal event in modern history is equal for dramatic effect to that blazing funeral pyre of frankincense, wine, and oil, with the poet's heart unconsumed and unconsumable in the midst. It was a fitting funeral for Shelley, himself as pure as fire and as ardent. Some of Mrs. Shelley's letters are given, written just after the death of her husband. We know of nothing more tender, truthful, or affecting than they are. We see her as she wanders on her lonely way in her widowed pale despair, and that desolation which nothing may ever gladden or make light again; and we can almost hear her voice in those frantic words of love and anguish which fall like burning tears upon the page. She never recovered that fatal loss; and though she lived for many years after, she lived with only half a life—one part buried in the Roman cemetery, the other simply watching her son's career, and waiting patiently but anxiously for the hour of her own release. Mary Woolstonecraft's daughter knew what it was to love, and Shelley's wife could not find consolation in anything less glorious than her past.

In conclusion we must say again, rather as a recapitulation than anything else, that we are disappointed in these "Memorials," because they, too, like all that have gone before, are fragmentary and incomplete. We earnestly call on Lady Shelley to lay before the world what further material soever she may have, either with or without comment, that men may thus be better able to do justice to the memory of one whose genius is unquestioned, and whose virtues all are prepared lovingly to confess. It surely is not for Shelley's fame that any of the truth concerning him should be longer hidden.

*A Fortnight's Tour; or, How to Visit France and Belgium for Ten Guineas.* By Robertson Noel, Esq., LL.D. (J. F. Shaw.)

This is a feat in bookmaking. The author coaxes you to try his suggestions as "a joke;" and, that you may fail in nothing, provides you with opinions such as may be safely sported by a young Englishman till the very French colonels come to love him. "If you find," says he, "as you very likely will, a morbid jealousy of England, say plainly what are your opinions on the topic before you; and add that, whatever may be the case in France as concerns us, there is nothing more sincere than the friendly feeling with which the French Emperor and the French nation are regarded in England; and observe too, that the most unpopular war in which the British Government could engage would be a war with France. This has been abundantly displayed of late, especially during the Great Exhibition, at the time of the visit of the French Emperor and Empress to London, and at every moment during the recent war; still, the morbid

jealousy I refer to is deeply-seated, and returns again and again." The reader perceives, we hope, that he is to speak freely in the first instance his opinions; and then follow up with the learned author's recipe by way of curative, as often as the "morbid jealousy" threatens to affect the harmony of his visit to France. By this means the author flatters you at the end of the chapter that "you will have begun to feel an affection for France and the French people, and you will probably begin to fancy yourself a favourite in turn." Good; but the object set before John Bull in the present brochure is, that of "doing" France and Belgium, married or single, for ten guineas a head. Just the thing at the present moment; but, on the author's own showing, requiring a serious amount of persuasion; and one thing also beyond all his recommendations, and that is, a reserve of spare cash in case of the little accident of catching you on a foreign strand, and finding no change on you. Nevertheless, those who are disposed to put off the *haukeur* of the Milord Anglais, humour the French in the manner here stated, toss aside the green spectacles, and believe that underneath the external decorum of Parisian society all is really sound at the core; who do not mind a second-class carriage to Dover, and a deck passage to Calais; who can content themselves with bed, *escritoire*, chest of drawers, two or three chairs, and a clock, by way of household gods; dine at two francs "anywhere in Paris," breakfast for one, have coffee at eight sous, and possess the nerve to cut the expenditure so fine as to have only eight or nine francs margin out of fifty-five allotted for Paris expenses—well, those persons could not have a more explicit guide than Dr. Robertson Noel. They cannot mistake him; he tells them not only what to think of politics, of religion,—e.g., "Your prayers will be none the worse for being offered there (in St. Eustache), whatever may be your views of the Roman Catholic faith:" again, "Beginning with the magnificent cathedral of Notre Dame (where you should attend high mass)"—but puts them up to art criticism of a rich and original character, as, for instance, to look upon the statues of Diana, Venus, Juno, and Minerva, as personifying "the periods of female life"—early youth, refined loveliness, matronly dignity, and intellectual energy; carrying out the same ideas with regard to Mercury, Apollo, Jupiter, and Hercules. He very kindly draws up for the six days' dinners six bills of fare at two francs, where the modest pint of wine hovers betwixt red and white, betwixt Macon and Chablis, with a slight variation in favour of Bordeaux. With this we could be very well content, although the doctor should not try to persuade us that it is a common occurrence to see "dining at 'Tavernier's,' Englishwomen into whose circle of acquaintance any nobleman would be proud to be admitted," and then to carry it off with the qualification: "To be sure they were there for a frolic; but you may if you like dine there for a frolic too." This is not exactly the right way to put it. We are supposed to be dining within our margin of ten guineas; we know for a fact that we can dine there very well; but we undoubtedly do not expect the pleasure of meeting English ladies of rank in the Palais Royal. All this is nothing, however, to the doctor's more serious recommendation to dine on horse-flesh at Montmartre for seven sous! He

excuses himself by saying that he would recommend a foreigner to try an *à-la-mode* beef-house at fourpence in Drury Lane; and asserts that in China he himself would eat puppies and salted earth-worms—in Paris horse-flesh. "May good digestion wait on appetite:" we will not do the doctor the injustice of having it supposed for a moment that this is part of his ten-guinea programme. These escapades mixed up with superficial, but really and absolutely requisite information, greatly enliven this little sixpenny-worth of advice to continental tourists; advice which we dare say, if implicitly followed, would be productive of gratifying results to persons visiting Paris (France it cannot be called) and Belgium for the first time. There is a good deal of supererogatory labour, such as reading up French history in general, and that of Louis XIV. and the Grand Trianon at Versailles in particular; but the outline afforded of public places, public sights, popular manners (not forgetting the regulation of your own), is provokingly naïve and perfect. Never did we observe in any practical form a better exemplification of the fact that Paris is France than in this little vest-pocket guide-book. A great deal of it is given to Paris; and through Belgium we go at a hand canter; for we left Paris with 130 francs, paid twenty-four for the journey to Brussels, five more for *visé* of passport, and there remain 100 francs. Well, fares on Belgian railways are low—we visit Aix-la-Chapelle, back to Brussels, then to Liège, Malines, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend, thirty francs; five *table d'hôte* dinners, coffee, beds, five breakfasts, forty francs more; leaving 25s. English, eight of which pay the passage to Dover, two shillings more the luggage, two-and-sixpence dinner at a Dover hotel, and six shillings transit by third class to London, leaving the triumphant surplus of six and sixpence out of the ten pounds at starting. There is just one question to ask—did Dr. Robertson Noel do it himself? Whether or not, he will probably put many in the way of making the attempt. It is worth while seeing the world for half nothing.

*Personal Narrative of a Voyage to Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia, Tartary, &c.* By J. M. Tronson, R.N. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

THIS is a bulky volume of very unequal merit. The earlier portion is insufferably tedious, and the reader is continually tempted to throw the book to one side as unworthy of perusal. And yet, if he persevere for a hundred pages or so, he will gradually become interested, and while he deprecates the author's prolixity he will finally acknowledge that he has done well to contribute his mite towards furthering our more perfect acquaintance with the shores and islands of eastern Asia. It is to be regretted, indeed, that Mr. Tronson should have dwelt at such very unnecessary length on matters relating to the Anglo-Chinese settlements, which have long since become wearily familiar to readers of magazines and newspapers. The same objection, however, does not apply to the description of the different voyages of H.M.'s steam-sloop *Barracouta* to the coasts of Siberia and Japan. It is very amusing to remark the change of tone and manner in dealing with the Japanese in the course of only two years. In 1854 the English admiral was contented, perforce, with permission to land his men for exercise on the islet Nazuma-

sima, which the sailors, with the true Anglo-Saxon tendency to appropriation, "facetiously denominated Little Britain." The British squadron, moreover, was compelled to lie in the middle harbour at Nagasaki under the guns of numerous batteries, and in face of a formidable line of junks connected together by heavy chains. Only two years later a wonderful change had passed over the aspect of affairs. The exclusiveness of the island-empire was at an end. The foreign barbarians having come had seen, and having seen had overcome all obstacles. The Dutch, indeed, had years before established their right to pass within the barrier of junks and anchor in the inner harbour. Some Russian prisoners, too, who happened to be on board, a portion of the crew of the shipwrecked *Diana*, expressed their astonishment that the English submitted so patiently to the insolence of the islanders. At last even British patience was exhausted, and Sir Michael Seymour undertook to teach them a lesson in international courtesy which they are not likely soon to forget. Having requested that, in conformity with Lord Elgin's treaty, access should be given to the inner harbour, and having received an equivocal answer, Sir Michael very properly proceeded to open a way for himself. The *Barracouta*, taking the *Pique* in tow, steamed down upon the obstructive line of junks, severed the connecting chain between two of those vessels, capsized the junk on the port side, "soldiers, armament, and all," and dragged the other abreast of the Dutch factory. The governor, we are told, intimated his regret that it had been found necessary to remove the junks, and "promised that in future a passage should be opened on the approach of any of H.M.'s ships-of-war." Nevertheless he attempted to plead sickness as an excuse for not receiving a visit from the admiral; but when the latter landed on the following morning he was at once conducted to the Government House, and received by the Governor with every demonstration of respect.

There is not, perhaps, very much that is actually new in Mr. Tronson's account of the Japanese, for in all essential points he has been forestalled by Captain Sherard Osborn's admirable papers in *Blackwood*, entitled "A Cruise in Japanese Waters." There are naturally many objects which strike all strangers with nearly equal forcibleness, but which being once described lose all the charm of novelty, the only charm that belonged to them. Thus, no one now cares to be told that the Japanese have very primitive notions on the subject of modesty; that they all bathe together without reference to sex; and that knowing themselves to be naked, or "nude," they think no harm of it. Neither are we surprised to learn that our old model of politeness, the French dancing-master, is quite eclipsed by these courteous islanders. Their tea-gardens, too, are as familiar to us as those in the suburbs of London, though sadly to the disadvantage of the latter. And now we think no more of their thirst for knowledge and wonderful aptitude for acquiring information than we do of the curiosity of a magpie when peering down a marrowbone. Still there are descriptions of homely scenes that are highly characteristic, and from which a tolerably accurate opinion may be formed of "life in Japan." On one occasion the author, in company with two brother officers, while strolling through a tea-garden, "suddenly came upon a social party of Japanese ladies

and gentlemen at tea in a pretty summer-house."

"We bowed to them on passing, and as we did not wish to intrude upon their privacy, were about to withdraw, when a young gentleman arose, came towards us, and begged us to enter and partake of some tea. We gladly acceded to his request, and were soon at ease with our new acquaintances. Small square tables of lacquered ware, about a foot and a-half in height and six inches square, were placed on the right side of the Japanese; these supported cups of tea, sweetmeats, cakes, and small lacquered bowls of rice and fruit. Four married ladies sat together on one side, and near them an old gentleman; opposite sat a young Japanese officer and two young ladies, one about seventeen years of age, the other about twenty: the latter were very pretty. We little dreamed of seeing such beauties in this retired spot; their skins clear and white as that of a Circassian, with a healthy blush on their cheeks, which required not the assistance of the rouge-box; finely arched brows, over bright black eyes, which grew brighter when the owners became animated, and were shadowed by long curling eyelashes; noses small but straight, one bordering on aquiline; small well cut lips, surrounded by even rows of teeth, of pearly lustre. Their jet black hair was brushed from the sides and back of the head, and fastened in a knot on the top of the head, by a fillet of pale pink silk. The elder was the handsomer of the two, and the chief object of attraction to the young officer; as he frequently gave us an opportunity of observing, by placing an arm around her waist and looking lovingly into her eyes. There was gracefulness in all her attitudes, especially when she took up a guitar at the request of her lover, and played a few airs for us; but the music was rather monotonous and without harmony: at least our dull ears could not detect any. She accompanied herself in a song, in a falsetto tone: a species of whine, not altogether so discordant as that of the Chinese, yet merely bearable from its strangeness. The sister now joined in a duet, one endeavouring to outshriek the other. Our elder hosts were in raptures with the performance, and they wondered at our stolidity; but our ears had been accustomed to the music of Grisi and Mario, and could not endure even the finest of Japanese singers.

"Finding the ladies so obliging, we prevailed upon one to play whilst the other danced. The performance was peculiar; she went round the apartment, as in a slow waltz, making graceful passes with her hands, and humming an air to herself, smiling most agreeably, and bowing towards us as she went round. They were attired in richly embroidered silk: a loose tunic with wide sleeves, was fastened round the waist by a broad sash of pale pink; a fan was passed through this, and, supporting the back of each lady was a tri-cornered flat board, covered with parti-coloured silk. The married ladies were attired in robes of a fabric resembling cashmere, and of a sombre lavender colour. After tea they introduced pipes and some light wine. The Japanese tobacco is very mild and without flavour, so we requested that they would permit us to light cheroots instead, according to our own custom. They examined our uniform minutely, asking the English name of each part of it, and pronouncing each word separately after us."

This is a fair specimen of Mr. Tronson's style, which is always easy and unaffected, and decidedly redolent of salt water. The most instructive portion of his work is, probably, that which describes the northern coasts of China and the Russian settlements to the north of the Amoor. It is not easy, however, to select passages that combine brevity with their other recommendations, and consequently we are reduced to the necessity of simply notifying to our readers where they may obtain much varied and entertaining information, though at times overburdened by a multiplicity of personal and trivial details.



# THE PROPOSED COPPER COINAGE.

THE great Exhibition which took place in the year 1855, taught the Parisians, and through them the rest of the European world, that the English painters were far in advance of all others, that the English school was the best extant, and that in all probability years would elapse before any successful rivalry could be expected from continental artists. It was well that this should be the case, for had it not been so, the opinion of Winkelmann, "that it was utterly impossible for the English ever to be either artists or critics; that nature had denied them originality of genius; and that the murkiness of their climate and the defects of their diet forbade among them the slightest development of taste," would still have maintained its ground. It is not often that works of English art are found out of our own island: our painters and sculptors find patrons at home: our architects cannot, unluckily, transport their productions abroad; and what foreigners know of English art they must generally gather from the reports of heavy Germans or sarcastic Gauls. One means would still remain—one which, in the hands of the Greeks and Romans of old, would be all-sufficient to extend as well as to maintain the reputation of national genius: that one means lies in our coinage. The glorious gem-like productions of the Greek graver spread the fame of the country, as the home of the arts, to regions where the very names of Phidias and Praxiteles were never heard. Celtic artists copied with their coarse tools and equally rude powers the tetradrachms of Alexander and Lysimachus which had found their way beyond the boundaries of civilisation. Magna Græcia gave models of grace and beauty, to be imitated with growing success by Celtiberian engravers, and the only exception to the rule was one which, in a more than usually satisfactory way, demonstrated its general truth. Athens alone was compelled to continue a coinage elementary in all the forms of art, because she alone had an extensive commerce, and the barbarous tribes with whom it was carried on refused to accept any money but that which bore the archaic impress of the Athenian state. Just as "pillar dollars" are coined to this day with the effigy of Charles III. for Spanish trade in Africa and the East, no others being received as genuine; so in the times when art had reached its acmé, the Athenians were still obliged to strike hemidrachms, drachms, dedrachms, tetradrachms, which look like Egyptian rather than Attic workmanship, because so great was the confidence in the purity and weight of the Athenian coins that they were taken when all others were rejected. In Roman times this disadvantage did not exist, and the colonial Roman coinage presents us with numerous specimens which, under the title of "Imperial Greek," show at once the spread of the arts and the extent of the empire. In those days the coins of a civilised country were intended to present an epitome of its history. No man could pay his denarius for his bath, or fling his obolus to the poor petitioner, without having his attention called to the glories of the State of which he was a citizen: every fresh conquest, every new edifice, every added province, every event of domestic interest, had its abiding records in the coinage of the period. And it is impossible to find a more perfect history of art than

that which is presented to us by the coins of the Roman Empire, from the splendid issues of the Augustan mint down to the poor, flat, and inartistic discs which disgrace the era of the Palæologi.

English art can be best represented abroad by the English coinage; our money flies wide, and the reputation of our engravers ought to be carried along with it. But how stands the fact? We have a tolerable coinage in point of weight and firmness; it is not dirty, greasy, and disgusting like that of the German States. It is not absolutely ridiculous in point of design, like that of most of the South American States; but it is no credit to us. We read on the reverse of our shilling, its magic name, surrounded by a wreath of oak and olive; our sixpence gives us no better design; our florin is flat and mediæval, with a crowned bust and Gothic letters!—letters which nobody can read, and which happily nobody cares to read. If they did, they would find themselves in possession of the following interesting lesson in arithmetic—*One florin, one-tenth of a pound*. Our ancestors knew better than this. They at all events gave lessons in divinity, and their selections from Scripture were frequently striking and applicable. Our crown-piece is the acmé of our numismatic disgrace; it is so badly struck as to stand at the very bottom of the list of European coins. At the very time when the French five-franc piece presents us with a legend in relief on the edge, having previously had the same legend in sunken letters, our crown-piece, which, from the time of Cromwell had given the legend in relief, goes back to the letters sunk in; and in other respects the coin deserves almost as much to be called "The Blacksmith's" as those celebrated coins of Charles I. which Dr. Aquila Smith has with so much learning and success appropriated to Kilkenny. Now the question will very naturally arise, "Whose fault is this?" and we hasten at once to release from all odium the late eminent engraver whose work it was. He must be judged by his proofs, and the proof of this very coin is one of the most beautiful that ever proceeded from the Mint—the crown of 1847, much as it has been admired, is not for a moment to be compared with it. The real blame lies with the Mint itself; the coin is badly struck, badly made altogether. What it might be, what it ought to be, is shown by the proof; but it is a most significant circumstance, that the Mint has long since disallowed the issue of proofs at all. In old times, when the coins themselves were well made, proofs in all metals were abundant; a more exquisite series than that of the copper coinage taken in silver is not to be imagined. Of the present reign, we believe one set only is known—that in the cabinet of Mr. Sainthill, of Cork.

These remarks occur to us in consequence of an announcement that we are to have a new coinage, not of copper, but of bronze, which is to be smaller in size than the present, but more beautiful in execution. Now the present is a very irregular affair, and a large portion of the coins are much worn and defaced. First, we have the large coins of 1797, the pennies having a broad rim, with sunken letters, and the farthing being graced with the word "*farthing*" in the exergue, lest there should be any doubt as to its denomination. This is a Birmingham coinage, by Boulton and Watt; and the notion entertained about it was, that it was to be a pre-eminently useful one, for the

penny was to serve at once for a coin, a measure, and a weight, inasmuch as it was to measure exactly one inch across, and to weigh exactly one ounce. However, as nobody ever made it the substitute of a rule or an ounce weight, its utility was confined to its capacity of buying a pennyworth of any commodity. Then there was the coinage of 1806 and 1807, which was a considerable reduction both in diameter and solidity; and since then there have been still further reductions, so that the present penny, bearing the image and superscription of Her Most Gracious Majesty, is in proportion to that of 1797 less than as 2 to 3. In fact, then 16 went to the pound, now we have 26.

All this while, till the time of George IV., there was a still smaller coinage for Ireland. Now, we have one standard for the whole empire, at least for the European portions of it; and the time is, we think, come when we might extend to India, Australia, Canada, the West Indies, New Zealand, and all our other colonies, the advantage of one uniform currency. It is stated that the size of the coins is to be materially diminished: we have no objection to this. Our copper currency has always been in fact a currency of tokens; it has been a legal tender only to the extent of forty shillings, and no one has desired to have more of it than was necessary. Save persons engaged in trade, and who required it for the purposes of change, it would be difficult to find any individual who had more than a shilling's worth of it; and it is clear therefore that the only ground on which the coin could be made approximate to its nominal value must be that of preventing counterfeits. But though it would be a profitable fraud to counterfeit a copper coinage, the nominal value of which would be perhaps three times greater than its intrinsic worth, yet it will be manifest that the public convenience would be consulted by its portability, and that the facility of forgery would be diminished in proportion to the artistic beauty of the coin. We hope therefore that we shall have something really creditable to the country, that we shall have proofs easily attainable, and that the design will at least have the merit of novelty. One thing especially we do hope for,—that the recent villainous coinage of Louis Napoleon, made we believe in Birmingham, and which has been most absurdly praised by some speakers in the House of Commons, will not be taken as a model for our own; the size will do very well, but we certainly do not want the mediæval device of an inner circle; and in fact we should like, if it were all the same to the higher powers, something that might indicate the progress of art among us.

One word about a decimal coinage. We hasten to assure all parties to this important question, that the proposed issue of smaller bronze coins does not concern them at all. As tokens they will bear just the value which Government places upon them, and neither more nor less. They will enter into the plan of a decimal coinage just as they will into that curious *mélange* which prevails at the present time; and, in short, will be tenths or twelfths with equal facility.

May we suggest that, as our beloved Queen has arrived at a ripe middle age—as she has already attained the honourable title of grandmother, and this, too, without losing her personal attractions—it would not be altogether unreasonable if the new coinage should represent her with a somewhat more matronly aspect than that which was an excellent likeness two-and-twenty years ago.



## SHORT NOTICES.

*Old Styles's*. By Henry Spicer, Esq. (Bosworth & Harrison.) This capital story is in a great measure a reprint from *Household Words*, and held in its earlier form a deservedly high rank among the contributions to that periodical. Mr. Spicer's style is the happiest imitation of Mr. Dickens's own. The pathos is especially so. The death of little Eleanor Wilton, and the dénouement of Mary Percival's mysterious character, are both exceedingly well conceived, and told with real power and talent. Perhaps the influence of the master over the mind of the apprentice is nowhere more conspicuous than in the delineation of Martha Bundle, the nurse of the young hero whose education, commenced under her auspices, terminates after an eventful sojourn at "Old Styles's" establishment. The great sorrow of "Old Styles,"—the loss of an only son in a duel,—the mystery which his constant self-reproach for real or fancied neglect of the lost son had invested him with, and the uses which the astute "Bobby Sharpe" made of this mystery in terrifying the new pupil fresh from the predisposing scenes of a stepmother's cruelty, are all drawn in a vigorous and truthful manner, and prove that Mr. Spicer has acquired no inconsiderable mastery over the department of prose fiction to which he has devoted himself. The portraits of the two ushers well merit insertion:

"The foible of Mr. Thummlles was family. He was descended (and had been a considerable time coming down) from an ancient Norman house, the patriarch of which (Gaston de Thumberleigh) came over, or had proposed to do so (for his name does not appear in the roll examined by Leland), with William the Conqueror. It has been conjectured that he was detained by business connected with the commissariat, or clothing department, while a younger scion of the house accompanied the expedition; history speaking freely of a youth whose name (with the careless soldier-frankness of the period, reduced to 'Thumb', or 'Tom Thumb') is even now a household word.

"How the high-sounding Thumberleigh had ravelled down into Thummlles, and become associated with commercial interests under the title of 'Thummlles and Tiddehwayte,' drysalter, was never clearly ascertained. Mr. Thummlles adhered stoutly to his Norman ancestry—the immediate bond and symbol being a huge copper seal, which depended from his fob, and bore a half-effaced heraldic device, of which all that could be made out was a crest resembling a pair of inexpressibles, and a motto, 'In tempore sciet'—I cut it, or 'have cut it' . . . in time."

"Now, of the assumption of this device by Gaston de Thumberleigh no authentic record exists. It has been indeed suggested that the words of the motto are in general allusion to his absence from the field of Hastings; or, if that be rejected, might not the expression refer to the punctuality with which the hero executed orders of the description symbolised in the crest, and supplied the Conqueror's army, in due season, with the most indispensable articles of their attire?"

"Mr. Thummlles, who utterly eschewed drysalting in all its branches, retained the patrician predilections and characteristics of his ancestors. He took snuff—he had the goat—he wore a wig with a pigtail, the last of its species ever seen wild in the northern counties. Finally, he kept a diary—not a mere dry register of domestic occurrences, such as could only interest himself, but a collection of anecdotes illustrative of the characters of persons of quality, calculated to inspire reverence and emulation in those youthful minds to which occasionally, as a great treat, he would unfold the treasures of the volume.

"Mr. Boreham, the other master, was a large, grave man, whose likeness to Doctor Johnson had, it was rumoured, really done him good service. He dressed as closely as possible after the style of his great prototype, wearing a long loose coat, thick cravat, and brown top-boots, and carrying an enormous stick, or rather cudgel, in his dexter hand. He was the tenderest-hearted creature in the world, with the ways, and very much the aspect, of a bear.

"Sharpe and I had become great friends by the hour of dinner, when the maid who brought us that meal announced that Mrs. Morfew had just arrived, and was in her tantrums—a circumstance which seemed to afford my companion immense satisfaction.

"As we re-entered the playground the great bell announced another arrival; and soon afterwards two gentlemen strolled forth. I recognised them at once, from Master Sharpe's description, as Messrs. Thummlles and Boreham.

"Mr. Thummlles waved his hand to us, much as a baron might acknowledge the presence of a couple of retainers, twiddled his copper seal, and strutted on.

"Sir," said Mr. Boreham to Sharpe, "the boy who is not dilatory in the resumption of his studies offers either an example of voluntary application, or an illustration of parental or avuncular punctuality. Sir, I am glad to see you. Sir, I trust your uncle is well?"

"Old Styles's" has merit enough of its own to establish a wide popularity, apart from the interest thrown around it by the shade of the departed *Household Words*.

*The Parson and the Poor*. By Austyn Graham. (Newby.) This is one of that class of novels (generally, as in the present instance, the obvious production of a woman's hand), against which it is very hard to say all that there is to be said. The first two or three chapters are almost too much to be endured; but, once endure them, and you begin to be entertained. The various absurdities become less offensive, as it is gradually discovered that they are not the result of affectation. The style may be odd, the descriptions excessive, the conversations often stilted and unlike anything in real life; but there is this redeeming point, that the author is actually drawing from his or her own stock in hand, and not serving up a spoiled edition of somebody else. The descriptive element in Austyn Graham's mind is developed to the last degree. Several sentences in one place are devoted to the announcement that the heroine found the light too strong in the drawing-room, and that she drew the Venetian blinds in consequence. Yet we are by no means sure that it would have answered to compress "The Parson and the Poor" into one volume instead of three. There is an artlessness and unconsciousness about the author's very prolixity which it would not do to forfeit, and every reader knows that descriptive passages may be skipped. The plot is simplicity itself. The parson is Mr. Ravenshaw, a model clergyman, about forty years of age, who presides over the poor of Hazelwood. Beatrice Vane, the young heiress of the long unoccupied Hazelwood Hall, suddenly comes into residence, seldom seen at first by the villagers excepting when she dashes up to church in her splendid carriage, and reported by the footman to be "proud as Lucifer." Mr. Ravenshaw begins by admiring her "dash," and suspecting a heart under the proud exterior; he goes on by saving the Hall from a gang of burglars, and he finishes by taming and marrying Miss Vane. There is a good deal of life thrown into the bye-plots, and the whole production is sufficiently interesting, however wanting it may be in artistic excellence.

*Handbook for Southport*. By Dr. David McNicoll. It seems to be the destiny of medical men, located at watering places, that they shall record the facts of the sanatoria they honour with their practice. Here we have a handbook for Southport, but varying from the run of handbooks very considerably, for while the style is pleasant the matter is very interesting, especially the copious notes of the entire natural history of the district, illustrated with some very fairly coloured lithographs. Of course we need not say the author has yielded a sufficient meed of praise to the climate of Southport—'tis the very best in England, the doctor would have us believe—and he should speak well of it, for he tells us it in all probability saved his life.

*Parliamentary Reform: Should the Colonies be Represented?* Such is the title of a pamphlet from the pen of Mr. T. C. Meekins, of the Inner Temple, in which the arguments in favour of a closer political union of the colonies in general, and more especially of Canada, with the mother country, are clearly and forcibly stated, and the dangers to the balance of the constitution pointed out, which must remain so long as the present state of things is allowed to exist—dangers which have been foretold by all the cleverest men who have considered the subject. Instead of detached legislatures for each separate colony, as at present existing, Mr. Meekins proposes that the number of Members of the Houses of Parliament should be augmented, to admit representatives of the various colonies to sit on an equal footing with those of Great Britain and Ireland, except so far as voting on committees. We recommend this pamphlet to the attention of all who desire to see the British constitution accommodate itself to the growing requirements of our colonial possessions.

*Alice Littleton, a Tale*. By Forester Fitz-David. (Longman.) A most humiliating book, showing, as it does, how stupid a man, who can write fair English, may become when he takes to novelcraft. There is not a single good line in the

whole volume, while the plot might have been imported from one of the very lowest transatlantic theatres. At the age of sixteen, and at breakfast, Alice, being told to sit down, thus replies to her merchant father, "Thy slave, my lord father, obeys thee." Instead of immediately sending the family carriage for Dr. Conolly, the merchant father projects the "coming out" of his daughter, and this ultimately leads to an introduction to Mr. Mansfield, who is an honourable, and a tremendous blackguard indeed; "the young man's breast was a charnel-house of festering corruption." Alice discovers this pathological specimen, but soon discovers his immoral condition, and when his face appears in the ghostly form one terrible night, she screams; the waiting maid and the governess rush in, and we are told they found her "beautiful face whiter than her night-dress." However, she gets over this attack, and falls in love with "Tom," a painter, with whom comes a fine love scene—"a little hand was laid gently on his head, and a soft voice whispered, 'Tom.' He started back, and saw"—a very extraordinary caligraphy—"his name written in characters of fire upon her heart." Tom lives with a most disreputable party, who calls herself his mother, but of course she is not, for a hero with a drunken mamma would be an outrage on the unities, and we have a fine retrospect of this lady when she grasped the first money the young artist earned. "Money!" shrieked she—the boy started back in terror and nearly fell over the breakfast things." However, to get back to the wicked nobleman—he proposes, Alice all the while talking to the parrot, "Polly, poor Polly." He is refused, Alice's father is enraged, and this British merchant knocks his daughter down. Thereupon she goes to Tom immediately, the British merchant cuts his daughter off with not even a pewter shilling, dies directly after, and another villain comes into all the property. Tom and Alice are happy, but the wicked nobleman persecutes. Tom is got out of the way, Alice is about to be carried off by two masks, when "the tall dark figure of a policeman" appears—a *deus ex machina* indeed; the tall mask, of course the wicked nobleman, is wounded to the death, and then it all comes out that my lord is not my lord, having deprived "Tom" of his patent of nobility, and he dies, Tom takes to the coronet, Alice is lady E., and this precious farrago, published by a good house in a superior manner, comes to a preposterous completion. *Bon voyage* to it, most doleful and stupid of compositions!

*The Parochial System: a Charge*, by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Archbishop Whately has recently delivered a charge, entitled "The Parochial System," on the occasion of the Triennial Visitation of the Province of Dublin. The Archbishop directed his especial attention to the immense value of private ministrations, observing:

"And this, comparatively inconspicuous, but certainly not least important branch of Ministerial duty, belongs most especially to what may be called the *Parochial System* of our Church. If public preaching, and the administering of the Sacraments, were all that was needed, there would be no necessity for dividing a Christian country into any such districts as we call Parishes, and confiding each to the superintending care of its own Pastor."

Further on His Grace urges:

"Many of you probably could confirm what has been said, by instances coming under your own experience. Of those that have come under mine, I will mention one, and only one, as an illustration of the above remarks. "There was a parish (of moderate extent) under the care of a conscientious and zealous Minister, who had to lament, as to one point, the utter failure of his efforts. The Lord's table was attended only by some six or eight persons, all members of one family. The rest of the congregation continued to absent themselves from the ordinance, notwithstanding his delivering sermon after sermon, filled with the most cogent reasons, and the most earnest exhortations. The people continued to attend at church, and listened (and perhaps listened with appropriate attention) to the sermons, as if to something not at all designed for them, but altogether for some different class of persons. Another Minister, to whom this state of things was known, succeeded to the charge of the parish, and he resolved to try another course of procedure. He went round to the several families of the parishioners, giving instructions—explanations—reasons—exhortations—remonstrances—according to what each case required. And the result was, that on the very next occasion of his

celebrating the Lord's Supper, instead of six or eight, he had above ninety communicants."

The Archbishop however takes care to warn Ministers from the danger of overrating human authority, to which this system under circumstances might lead :

"But it may be worth while to suggest that care will sometimes be needed to guard against what may be reckoned an opposite danger. You will perhaps find that some of the best-disposed of your flock are inclined to assign, not too little, but too much authority to their Pastor. Men are apt, in this matter, to be misled by a false analogy, between the clerical profession on the one hand, and the medical and legal on the other. . . . If a Pastor is very assiduous, and is much beloved and admired, it will perhaps be found that many of his people place him (in their own minds)—not indeed distinctly and avowedly, but practically—almost on the same level with the inspired Apostles:—that they receive doctrines, in fact, on his word, and give an uninquiring and unhesitating assent to all he says, simply because said by him. And indeed I have myself known a Protestant Minister congratulate himself on finding this to be the case with several of his people; forgetting apparently that two-thirds of his parishioners were, on the very same principle, adhering to a religious system which he, and which I, considered erroneous and dangerous."

The consideration of intimacy between Pastors and their flocks naturally leads to an expression of the Archbishop's opinions with regard to confession and absolution, upon which doctrines he says :

"But there is one case in which the danger I have been alluding to has reference exclusively to the Pastor's private intercourse with his people; I mean, that of consultation as to cases of conscience, and private confession of particular sins. Auricular confession, enjoined as an habitual and necessary duty, though it is felt as a grievous burden by many of those belonging to Churches which do enjoin it, is a burden which could never have been originally imposed on men without their own consent. And there can be no doubt, I think, that the practice must have grown up in consequence of men's craving for the relief of what is called unburdening the conscience, or (as it is sometimes styled) 'making a clean breast.' And one proof that might be given of this is, that something nearly approaching to that system of particular confession has been introduced by a Protestant sect, which does not recognise priestly absolution. . . . But the power of remitting or retaining sins, has been, as you are aware, misunderstood as implying a power (one which neither the Apostles themselves, nor any other man can possess) of absolutely pardoning sins as against God."

The Archbishop says, in conclusion :

"I will once more remind you that, in dwelling on the advantages of the parochial system, and on the importance of the private ministrations of a parish Pastor, I am far from meaning to disparage either theological studies, or missionary enterprise, or public preaching of the Gospel; but merely inviting the attention which I think is justly due to a less conspicuous and imposing, but not less important or less difficult branch of the Christian Minister's duties."

#### MONTHLY CAUSERIES ON FRENCH BOOKS.

If our readers will follow us for a few moments to the Quartier Latin, the precinct of the Sorbonne, the learned part of Paris, we shall introduce them to some publications which are certainly far more worthy of notice than the fashionable duodecimos issued for the benefit of *Paris blasés* and *blasées* by the editors of the *Bibliothèque Nouvelle*. Far be it from us, however, to denounce as abominations the whole tribe of modern imaginative literature; the garbage contained in "*Madame Bovary*," the obscenities which have brought "*Fanny*" to its sixteenth edition prove nothing against either M. Jules Sandeau's delightful tales or M. Emile Augier's comedies; but still our monthly *causeries* must not be always confined to productions of a lighter sort, and it is only fair to our continental neighbours to show that they are capable of something far higher in aim and in real merit.

M. Durand's catalogue, just received from Paris, includes a list of works each of which would deserve an article for itself, and which we must dispose of, notwithstanding, with a few words of commendation quite inadequate to their importance. Let us take up, for example, Count Foucher de Careil's volume on Descartes. How interesting, not only to the metaphysician or to the mathematician, but also to the general reader! That extraordinary genius who revolutionised moral philosophy, threw down the whole system of scholasticism, and founded the school of modern spiritualism, Descartes, must always be a favourite object of study. Now, to those who have attentively read the works of that great writer, either in

M. Cousin's editions or in the former less complete ones, it is quite evident that the idea generally formed of the philosopher is not altogether correct. This, we believe, arises from the fact that hitherto no work of his has been brought to light anterior to the celebrated "*Discours de la Méthode*," which he composed when already forty years old. What, therefore, must have been the joy of a *savant* like M. de Careil when, during an excursion in Germany, he discovered, amidst a bundle of old MSS. half destroyed by time, dust, and damp, 1st, a paper entitled "*Cartesii Cogitationes Privatae*," that is to say, a collection of detached thoughts written by Descartes at the early age of twenty-three, and, moreover, annotated by Leibnitz; 2nd, another MS., bearing the following title, "*Ad Principia Philosophiæ Annotationes*," and a number of equally interesting observations on various points connected with meteorology, physiology, and mathematics! The result of these discoveries was the volume we are now noticing,\* which is to be followed by another containing further treasures rescued from destruction by Count Foucher de Careil. Thus the *littérateur* who has already added so materially to our knowledge of the philosophy of Leibnitz† will also have connected his name for ever with that of the reformer of metaphysics in France. More than half the present volume is occupied by an important preface, in which M. de Careil not only illustrates the various fragments he has been enabled to publish for the first time, but explains fully in all its bearings the Cartesian system of philosophy. Even after the masterly expositions of M.M. Cousin, Jules Simon, Bouillier, and Damiron, this introduction deserves to be studied; it is quite a *chef d'œuvre*, and will add much to the learned editor's reputation as a scholar and a thinker.

From the grave discourses of the Tourangean philosopher, from the abstruse speculations about God, the soul, and the origin of our ideas, we jump back, at one bound, to the jovial poet of the middle ages, old Chaucer, to wit, he who sang whilom of Troilus and Cresseide, the Canterbury Pilgrims, and the "Flower and the Leaf." We have often wondered that a writer so pre-eminently French in some of his intellectual features, whose works carry about them so many traces of the influence exerted by the *trouvères*, should be comparatively, at least, so unknown on the other side of the Channel. M. Paulin Paris (*MSS. de la Bibl. Impériale*), M. Victor Leclerc, and M. Villemain have indeed mentioned Chaucer in their writings; but they can scarcely be said to have done anything else: and, in short, the biography, the literary history of a personage whose connection with France was quite as close as his relation to England, was only very vaguely known by French readers before M. Sandras, availing himself of the materials gathered together by former critics, took the degree of LL.D. at the Sorbonne with his excellent essay on Chaucer.‡

The first chapter contains, of course, a summary of the principal biographical details we know respecting the poet. M. Sandras remarks that during the middle ages the qualities of a professed *homme de lettres* were never thought incompatible with more serious duties, especially with the transaction of public business. Thus, amongst the Italians, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio; in Scotland, John Barbour; in France, Philippe de Vitry, served their respective countries as diplomatists whilst they rendered themselves popular by their compositions; Chaucer, whom Philippa of Hainault called *Le Grand Translateur*, belonged to the deputation which King Edward

sent in 1372 to treat with the Doge of Genoa about the establishment of a commercial *entrepôt* on behalf of Italy in one of the English sea-ports. In discussing a few controverted biographical facts, M. Sandras corrects some blunders which had escaped the notice of previous historians, and then he passes on to what is more properly the literary part of his subject. Amongst the earliest works composed by Chaucer, we must reckon his "*Romaunt of the Rose*." Every one who has in the slightest degree directed his attention to mediæval lore knows how popular the allegorical poem jointly composed by Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung speedily became. Denounced from the pulpit, sharply criticised by Christine de Pisan, the attacks directed against it only serve to prove the reputation it obtained, and the taste had spread so extensively for allegorical compositions and metaphysical poetry, that Chaucer found it necessary to produce an English version of the famous "*Romaunt*." M. Sandras examines to what extent the translation follows the original, and he refutes Tyrwhitt's assertion that Jean de Meung's second part had likewise been rendered *in extenso* by the English poet. According to him, if a number of omissions are noticeable in Chaucer's version of the continuator's text, this arises from the fact that the lengthy, tedious details of which this part almost entirely consists were at variance with the lively style and the brilliant imagination of the English poet.

Chapter III. of the *brochure* we are now examining introduces to us Chaucer as following the Italian writers in his "*Troilus and Cresseide*," his "*Palamon and Arcite*," and several other works, the names of which will readily occur to the student of our early poetry; but M. Sandras is of opinion that Chaucer's direct imitations from Dante and Petrarch are extremely insignificant. "*Même en imitant les Italiens*," says he, "*Chaucer s'est rapproché autant que possible de nos trouvères*." In accordance with this assertion, which we think very plausible, the reader will naturally expect to find the most important part of M. Sandras's disquisition contained in the fourth chapter, where he reviews such poems of Chaucer as he deems borrowed from exclusively French sources. This, in fact, is the strong chapter of the book, and the numerous comparisons which the author institutes between the "*Canterbury Tales*" and various old French *fabliaux* renders all this portion of the essay pre-eminently valuable. An Appendix of illustrative extracts gathered from scarce or unpublished MSS. has also been subjoined.

M. Deltour was singularly fortunate when he selected out of the annals of literature Racine and Racine's enemies as the subject of a disquisition.\* There was, at all events, plenty to write on, and even if the author had merely contented himself with committing to paper all the parodies, squibs, epigrams, showered down upon the great French tragic poet, he might have filled a volume of no ordinary dimensions. Racine is generally considered as the poet *par excellence* of the reign of Louis XIV. The regularity of his style, the calm, dignified character of his genius, in one word, his qualities as well as his defects, identify him more than any other writer with the whole spirit of a court and an age in which outward decorum, stateliness, and grandeur, were considered essentials. One would naturally suppose, therefore, that Racine's influence was paramount, that he preserved the undisputed possession of the French stage, and that the sharp voice of criticism never jarred upon his ears amidst the praise of which he was so long the object. But the reverse was the case; from the very beginning of his dramatic career to the end of it, he saw himself unceasingly and unsparingly attacked; a powerful cabal organised against him at last succeeded in driving him from the stage; and when, after a protracted silence, he found in the sacred Scriptures the theme of his own noblest tragedies, the virulent criticism levelled at him caused him on his death-bed to doubt whether he left a name that would descend to posterity.

\* "*Les Ennemis de Racine au XVII<sup>e</sup> Siècle*." Par F. Deltour, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale, Professeur au Lycée Bonaparte. 1 vol. 8vo. (Paris: Durand.)

\* "*Œuvres Inédites de Descartes, précédées d'une Introduction sur la Méthode*," par M. Le C<sup>te</sup> Foucher de Careil. 1 vol. 8vo. (Paris: Durand.)

† "*Réédition Inédite de Spinoza par Leibnitz, précédée d'un Mémoire par A. Foucher de Careil et d'un Rapport de M. Cousin à l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*." 1 vol. 8vo.

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"*Nouvelles Lettres et Opuscules Inédits de Leibnitz, précédées d'une Introduction*."

‡ "*Etude sur G. Chaucer, considéré comme Imitateur des Trouvères*." Par E. G. Sandras, Agrégé de l'Université. 1 vol. 8vo. (Paris: Durand.)



The animosity which Racine's merit excited is well known; but whence did it spring? What interests, what passions were at the bottom of it? Did it exercise any influence either on Racine himself, or in general on the French stage? All these are interesting questions, and M. Deltour, in answering them, has produced more than a simple disquisition; he has written a work full of amusing details and sound views on a celebrated period in the history of literature. The opposition Racine encountered rose, in the first place, from the partiality which a numerous section of French society entertained towards Corneille. The society of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the *précieuses* and *précieuses* who had so long laid down the law in matters of taste, felt provoked that a new poet, unknown to them, unsupported by them, should attempt to take the place occupied by the author of "*Cinna*" and "*Polyeucte*." The *Académie Française*, too, reckoned still among its members a considerable gathering of men like Chapelain, Benserade, and Perrault, who were utterly incapable of appreciating what was truly beautiful. In the last place, we must notice Racine's own irritability of temper as one of the chief causes which prejudiced so much against him the greater part of his contemporaries. His quarrels with Port Royal were strong proofs of this, and it was only through the kind interference of Boileau that he was prevented from taking many rash steps which he would have afterwards bitterly repented. From the distance at which we are placed, Racine's transcendent merits as a poet alone become conspicuous, but we must not forget that it was some time before they were acknowledged even in France, and the long discussions to which his tragedies gave rise form a very piquant chapter in the literary annals of the seventeenth century.

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SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending Aug. 6, 1859, the visitors have been:—3737 on the free days, and 3331 on similar evenings, while the total number for the week, including the Students' days was 7955.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A correspondent writes us a letter with reference to the amended Copyright Act, in which he says that a single word in the Act materially affects the rights of English authors who write for American firms; and we are glad to say American publishers are not only printing the works of Englishmen, but actually paying them for original writings. Indeed, we could point to one especial United States magazine the proprietors of which pay English authors, albeit unknown, sums quite as large, if not larger, than the owners of many high class English periodicals can afford to pay for home talent. Our correspondent draws our attention to clause seventeen, wherein it is enacted that no person shall import any English author's works without his permission, unless he holds the copyright. The words used are—"any printed book first composed, or written, or printed, or published, in any part of the United Kingdom;" and we are informed by the above-mentioned letter, that had the words of the Act been "written and printed," instead of "written or printed," the consequence would have been that an English author writing an original tale for an American magazine could not have claimed copyright in this country, the condition, "first written and printed in the United Kingdom" not having been complied with. The letter continues, that to import a single copy of an English author's tale first published in America, for the purposes of reprint, would come under the meaning of the Act, for clearly without the importation, the subsequent publication could not be effected. Whatever may be the force of our correspondent's remarks, it is very clear that the use of "or" in the place of "and" throughout the Act has vastly increased its powers.

Perhaps no better evidence exists of the cruel power of trades' unions than the following anecdote, related to us by a gentleman who is the appointed architect of several public companies. Our informant states that so thoroughly is the mass of builders under a system of espionage, that no labourer could lift two bricks at a time while building, or neglect to rap the side of each brick picked up, without being sure to be reported to the foreman, and to receive his dismissal. Our informant adds, that the lifting of a single brick at a time, or the tapping of it with the trowel, is not a custom originating in a plan of correct building, but are rules made by the trade union to procure an equal amount of work from all builders. We make no apology for publishing these facts, evidences of quite a builders' Jesuitry as they are; for any information which can serve to fairly exhibit the working of a trade union, must be interesting to all classes of readers at the present moment.

With reference to the second meeting of the Kent Archeological Society, we would venture to make a few suggestions which appear to be not uncalled for. When only one day is devoted to business, surely three hours could be better employed than they were at the castle banquet at Rochester, where the speakers seemed to have studied how to avoid saying one word in reference to archaeology, to its proper objects, to the Society, and to the meeting. Lord Stanhope certainly advised the ladies to study etymology, and he gave examples of his own acquirements in that branch of antiquarian study; but he overlooked the name of the very place in which the meeting had assembled, which is unquestionably derived from *Durobriva*, although the letters *ro* are all that remain of the original word. Although Lord Stanhope is President of the Society of Antiquaries, he could find no other example to prove how far this meeting excelled the former than the *dinner!* He ignored the learned lectures on the cathedral, the castle, and the walls; he ignored the papers; and he ignored the exhibitions and the exhibitors: he saw only the dinner-table, and he argued, "Why are we who are devoted to science to be deprived of the good things of this world?" No one disputes this; but we contend that his lordship was the wrong man in the right place, and that the Kent Society must be cautious

how, in future, it exposes itself to the criticism of the public, which, though it is good-humouredly indulgent, likes consistency and propriety.

It is proposed that a new Polytechnic Institution shall rise, Phoenix-like, from the ruins of the old, now about to be closed. The proposed capital of the embryo company is 20,000*l.*, in 10*l.* shares, of which it is intended to call up no more than 14,000*l.* The promoters, amongst whom are some very worthy gentlemen, have but little doubt that a fair dividend can be paid. It is also proposed to declare dividends on donations, such dividends to go towards founding scholarships, or granting prizes to students at the Institution. A successful meeting was held yesterday at Willis's Rooms.

Sir John Forbes, who was one of the gentlemen present at the recent meeting of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, has handed Mrs. M. A. Baines a cheque for 10*l.* 10*s.*, to go towards the general purposes of the same. This donation is of much value in itself, but of far more importance as a proof of appreciation by this eminent physician of the work in which the Association is engaged.

The Chambers Institution at Peebles was inaugurated on Monday last, in the presence of a most influential company. We need not say this institution has been the gift of Mr. William Chambers to his native town. The inauguration commenced with considerable religious solemnity, Dr. Guthrie delivering an able address. It is certain no place of such minor pretensions as Peebles possesses an institution so near perfection as Mr. Chambers's establishment. It contains a general museum of natural history and art, a local museum, a beautiful hall, various public rooms, and a library containing 13,000 volumes. It is impossible to speak too highly of this munificent gift, and, if it answer all the expectations of its well-wishers, Mr. Chambers will rest satisfied with his work.

We are urged to the publication of the following letter by the melancholy interest of the subject upon which it treats; an interest which becomes still more terrible when we reflect that the writer is another of the faculty who pronounce cancer proper to be utterly incurable.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

30, Devonshire Street, Portland Place,  
August 3rd, 1859.

SIR,—In your review of my work on Cancer, I am represented as considering "an early operation" a curative agent in that disease. I take this opportunity of correcting any misconception your readers may be led to form on this point, by most emphatically declaring that "we are as far off the cure of *real* cancer as we were in the days of Hippocrates." Indeed, the rules laid down by that eminent physician for the treatment of cancer may, in a great measure, *mutatis mutandis*, be held valid up to the present day. And yet we often hear of cancers being "cured." What this really means is: a cancerous tumour has been removed, either by the knife or caustics, and the patient is "cured" of the operation. This apparent cure may last for months or even years; but sooner or later the tumour, if cancerous, returns, and kills the unfortunate patient. These intervals of apparent cure furnish the panacea for the testimonials of the "cancer-quacks." I may, *en passant*, observe that a second mode of imposture practised by these quacks is to remove tumours by a long and painful caustic-process, which, never having been cancerous, as a matter of course do not return, but which it suits their purposes to put down as cures of cancer. But, to return: what I wish to insist on is, that there exists a certain class of tumours, which have been termed *epitheliomata*, which are very generally looked upon as cancerous, and are even designated by high authorities as epithelial "cancers," but which I think I have proved to be of a purely local (not constitutional) origin. Now, it is of these and these alone I speak of an *early* and *complete* operation holding out a very fair prospect of a permanent cure. I am supported in this opinion by Professors Lebert and Bennet—men in second to none in pathological knowledge; although I admit that surgeons of high standing are opposed to our views on the subject. It is for my readers to judge for themselves of the validity of my arguments; and I will, in concluding, but remark that the question being to a certain degree in acipiti, it would be better for even the opponents of our doctrines for the present to accept them, as the more favourable in a curative point of view. And I am,

"Sir, your obedient servant,  
"JOHN ZACHARIAH LAWRENCE."

We read that the last achievement of M. de la Guéronnière has been to compile a perfect history of every journal and every journalist in France, hence the government are able to per-centage every phase of opinion and style of newspaper-



writer throughout the land. Some people see the liberty of the press looming through this compilation, and it is certain that many more people see nothing of the kind.

We learn that Dr. Fleming of Dublin, now President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, is prosecuting his claim to the Slaney peerage.

Messrs. Sotheby will sell on Friday next at their rooms copies and copyright of Hartland's Genealogical and Chronological Charts of the Royal Houses of Europe. The same firm will also disperse, on Tuesday next, the theological, classical, and general library of the late Rev. Daniel Charles Delafosse.

# FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 10.

NOTHING can be worse, I should say, than the attitude of this army which has just returned from Italy; and perhaps one of the worst symptoms of the present crisis is the disorganised condition of troops, that it has been found too hard to make mere tools of, and that may possibly one day choose to play at masters. The whole appearance and air of this *Armée d'Italie* is something incredible to those who do not see it with their own eyes. It is a kind of repetition of what went on in 1848, with this difference, that the army then was completely subservient to, and disorganised by, the people—the mere mob; whereas now, the army is painfully paramount over everything else, and treats the people as if it were *en pays conquis*. What went on in the streets of this town just before the Emperor's departure for the Italian army was bad enough, and then the work of recruiting was chiefly carried on by the help of the bottle—but the consolation of the young conscript, that by which it is sought usually at his departure for “the wars” to make him forget the risks he may run, is now infinitely more prodigally bestowed upon the “glorious conquerors” who have just returned from the Lombardy plains. You see Turcos and Zouaves rolling about the streets and boulevards in a most disorderly state of intoxication, and evidently they are possessed with a strong desire to transform Paris into the Capua they have left at Milan. Nor is what passes here by any means the worst. The *camp de St. Maur*, near Vincennes, presents a spectacle of almost unparalleled licence and utter want of discipline. Here, the worst excesses of a foraging army in an enemy's country are daily and hourly committed. The farmers and peasants living on the banks of the Marne find no law, civil or military, of any avail against the depredations of all sorts that are practised against them by the Prætorian forces settled in their too near neighbourhood. Of course, complaints were at first made to the officers in command, and at the very first the officers tried to enforce some sort of discipline on their men; but it has been discovered that this is a useless attempt, and that it had better be given up, because no example could possibly be made of any delinquent. Discipline is utterly set at naught; officers are advised by their subordinates not “to meddle with what does not regard them,” and the peaceful people of a whole tract of country are subjected to the most frightful lawlessness on the part of a brutal soldiery. This is said not to be the case with the Guard regiments, or even with those of the Line; but as to the Zouaves and Turcos, their behaviour is, I repeat it, disgraceful in the extreme. And the chief reason of all this is, that these very men have been taught to believe themselves the first soldiers of France; indeed, during the entire war in Italy their conduct has been outrageous in this respect, overbearing in the extreme, and positively insulting for the other portions of the *Armée d'Italie*. “We are in fact the *troupes d'élite*,” say these butchering barbarians, and they turn disparagingly upon all their other comrades, and call them “*Pékins*,” that being the one supreme term by which a French soldier expresses his contempt for a civilian. It has long been remarked that, when in garrison, these fierce

semi-orientals were exceedingly difficult to deal with; but since the Italian war other difficulties, and of a totally different nature, have been added to the original ones, and the Zouaves and Turcos of 1858, bad as they used to be, were very mild compared to the Turcos and Zouaves of 1859. The way in which these red-handed heroes have been treated by the ladies in Italian towns, while it proves little for the dignity of the latter, has had upon the objects of their attentions a doubly disastrous effect. Not only have the morals of the part of the French army I am alluding to been seriously deteriorated, but there is a disposition to regard the *bourgeois* of this town in the same light as the *bourgeois* of Brescia or Milan, i.e., in the light of a *contribuable*. The sort of way in which every luxury of what is called *la vie élégante* was thrown at the heads and under the feet of these French moss-troopers, has made them disdainful of their heretofore ordinary existence in French garrisons, and has given them a strong desire to get out of their own country people the same degree of material petting and spoiling they got out of the citizens they were supposed to be about to “deliver” from their oppressors. This far, however, the Parisian *bourgeois* is not disposed to go. He looks at the turbaned Zouave from afar, thinks him a splendid specimen of the “national defences,” calculates how adequately he will “take care of” and fight for him; but as to taking him into any nearer intimacy, or sharing with him any of the goods of his own easy-going, well-padded life,—that never entered into his head, nor ever will be made to do so; he would as soon dream of asking the black panther of the Jardin des Plantes to dinner.

But the most serious part of all this is, what is to be done with this disorganised force? Into what channel are its energies and activities to be turned? How is peace compatible with this state of corrupt rudeness of a force that feels itself predominant, and that, if not employed exteriorly, would probably very soon come to violent misunderstanding with the citizens of its own interior home? Here is the great dilemma, that which reigns in reality over the whole situation, and compels Louis Napoleon to much that even his own judgment may condemn.

It is for this that we should, I think, do well to watch the progress of indiscipline in the French army, or at all events in the portions of it I speak of.

I mentioned some time since the way in which—all the *pièces de circonstance* got up on account of the war having been withdrawn—the theatres here found themselves suddenly deprived of anything save old “revivals” wherewith to entertain the public. This, I presume, about to cease, for I perceive new titles are now beginning to show themselves upon the bills, and I last night went to see one of the dramatic “novelties” of this “dead season.” It is upon the whole a curious production, and is entitled *Les Pirates de la Savanna*. Whatever pride English people may take in the way in which they bring out theatrical entertainments, and particularly in the mere excellence of decorative scene-painting, I really think they might take a lesson from the extraordinary beauty of the “getting up” of some of the present French pieces. The one I mention is the third or fourth of its kind within about a twelvemonth. Perhaps the first might be said to be the ballet at the Grand Opéra, of *Sacountala*; the next, certainly was *Les Fugitifs*, a seven or eight act drama, in which the vicissitudes of an English family during the late Indian insurrection served as the pretext for the exhibition of the most magnificent Indian scenery that can be conceived. After this, the next “colonial” product, was the *Naufrage de La Pérouse*, to which the war put a stop; and the sign of the recommencing favour of this exotic sort of literature is this new creation, *Les Pirates de la Savanna*, which seems likely to have a tremendous run.

It may seem almost absurd to expatiate upon the mere stage decorations of a dramatic work of so little comparative consequence as a piece at the Gaîté, written by men who rank as less than

nothing in the genuine literary world; but, whatever is perfect of its kind deserves notice, and the scenery I allude to is more worth attention, I should say, than any diorama or panorama I ever saw. There is a view in Mexico, of the factory of a Spanish planter, that, in its way, is equal to the marvellous “Heart of the Andes” you have been admiring in London all the season. On the right hand stand the ruins of an ancient temple of the Sun; on the left you divine, rather than see, a modern habitation, hidden under an ocean of green foliage; whilst the back of the stage is filled up by the various falls of a brawling torrent. Now, it was generally thought that the *Pardon de Plémeret*, with its real water, was about as wonderful an exhibition as can be brought before the public; but I do not hesitate to say that the scene I am talking of is incomparably superior. The real water is also visible here; but all that surrounds it is immeasurably more beautiful than in the *Pardon*. There literally rises a kind of frothy dust from the cascade, and a sort of damp pearly atmosphere floats over the whole which is original and beautiful beyond measure.

I have some idea too that this great development given to stage scenery and decoration may not be without a salutary influence on the French drama in general, and, by withdrawing it from its old-customed sphere of vice and crime, conduce to the establishment of a pastime far more harmless, and consisting in a mere spectacle. It is a curious incident, and I believe about the first of its kind, but the piece I am now mentioning has no love-plot at all, and its heroine is a child. Yet, thanks to the artistic beauty of its bringing out, all Paris (in every class) flocks to see it, and I believe this to be really a gain, as French morals stand.

# SCIENTIFIC.

GEOGRAPHY.—The great problem of the source of the Nile, which has occupied the attention of the world during so many ages, may now be considered as definitively solved. The number of the Proceedings of the Geographical Society just published, contains the report of a meeting of the Society, at which Captain Speke (who had only returned to England two days previously) gave an account of his travels in the centre of the African continent. Speaking of Captain Burton and himself, he says: “After arriving at Zanzibar we had to wait a considerable time, some months, until the masika, or rainy season, would be over before we could penetrate into the interior. At the close of this season Captain Burton and myself left Zanzibar with a caravan, mustering about eighty men; having previously sent on some supplies in anticipation of our arrival. Unable to collect a sufficient caravan for the conveyance of our kit, we purchased a number of donkeys (about thirty). Thus completed, and with an escort of twelve Belooch soldiers, given us by Prince Majid, we commenced our journey westward, and arrived at Zungomero, a village situated under the coast range, which struck us as bearing a good comparison with the western ghats of India. We might call this range the eastern ghats of Africa. There we were detained by severe illness a considerable time. Afterwards we crossed these eastern ghats, the maximum altitude of which I ascertained to be about 6000 feet. On the western side of this longitudinal chain of hills we alighted on an elevated plateau, an almost dead flat, ranging in level from 3000 to 4000 feet above the sea. Here we had cold easterly winds, continuing through the entire year. Proceeding onwards, we arrived at the Tanganyika Lake, called by the Arabs, Sea Ujiji, a local name, taken from the country on the eastern margin of the lake, whither they go to traffic for ivory and slaves. This lake is in a singular synclinal depression; I found its elevation to be only 1800 feet; whereas the surrounding country (the plateau), as I said before, averaged from 3000 to 4000 feet. The lake is encircled at

its northern extremity by a half-moon-shaped range of hills, the height of which I estimated to be at least 6000 feet. They may extend to a height much greater than that. After exploring this lake we returned by the former route to Unyanyembe, an Arab *dépôt*, situated in latitude 5° south, and about 33° east longitude. My companion, Captain Burton, unable to proceed further, remained here; whilst I, taking just sufficient provisions for a period of six weeks, made a rapid march due north, to latitude 2° 30' south; and there discovered the southern extremity of the Nyanza, a lake called by the Arabs Ukerewe, a local name for an island on it, to which the merchants go in quest of ivory. The altitude of this lake is equal to the general plateau (4000 feet), even more than the average height of all the plateau land we traversed. In reverting to the question asked, why I consider the Lake Nyanza to be the great reservoir to the Nile, my answer is this: I find, by observation, that its southern extremity lies in east longitude 33°, and south latitude 2° 30'. By Arab information, in which I place implicit confidence, I have heard that the waters extend thence, in a northerly direction, certainly from five to six degrees. Notwithstanding they can account for a continuous line of water to this extent, no one ever heard of any limit or boundary to the northern end of the Lake. A Sowahili merchant assured me that, when engaged in traffic some years previously to the northward of the Line and the westward of this lake, he had heard it commonly reported that large vessels frequented the northern extremity of these waters, in which the officers engaged in navigating them used sextants and kept a log, precisely similar to what is found in vessels on the Ocean. Query, Could this be in allusion to the expedition sent by Mahamad Ali up the Nile in former years? Concerning the rains which flood the Nile, the argument is simple, as I have said before: a group of mountains overhang the northern bed of the Tanganyika Lake. The Arabs assure us that from the north and north-eastern slopes of these hills during the rainy season immense volumes of water pour down in a north-easterly direction, traversing a flat marshy land, intersected by some very large, and many (they say 180) smaller streams. Again, on the western side, we hear from Dr. Krapf, that the snow-clad mountain, Konia, is drained by rivers on its western slopes in a direction tending to my lake. During the rainy season, which I know, by inspection, commences in that region on the 15th of November, and ends on the 15th of May, the down-pour is pretty continuous. Suffice it to say, that I saw the Malagarazi river, which emanates from near the axis of these hills, to be in a highly flooded state on the 5th of June. The Nile at Cairo regularly swells on the 18th of June. Further, it would be highly erroneous to suppose that the Nile could have any great fluctuations from any other source than periodical rains. Were the Nile supplied by snow, as some theorists suppose, its perennial volume would ever be the same. There would be no material fluctuations observable in it, in consequence of its constant and near approximation to the path of the sun. By these discoveries, the old and erroneous hypothesis of a high latitudinal range of mountains extending across the continent of Africa from east to west, in the vicinity of the Line, and known as the Mountains of the Moon, is therefore now annihilated. However, it is worthy of remark, that the crescent-shaped mountain, which we visited to the northward of the Tanganyika, lies in the centre of the continent of Africa, immediately due west of the snowy peaks Kilimanjaro and Konia, and is west beyond the Unyamuezi, or Country of the Moon. The Wanyamuezi tribe, which inhabits this district, and whose name signifies People of the Moon, has from time immemorial been addicted to travelling, and has constantly visited the eastern coast, for the purpose of bringing down ivory to barter for other commodities; and it is highly probable that the hills lying beyond their country should have given rise to the term, Mountains of the Moon, and have been the means

of misguiding all previous inquirers about that mysterious mountain. But now there can be no doubt that the Lake Nyanza is the great reservoir of the Nile, extending from 2° 30' south, to 3° 30' north latitude, lying across the equator, and so washing out the Mountains of the Moon as at present existing in our atlases."

**THE GREAT EASTERN.**—This gigantic undertaking, after almost endless delays, is at length completed; and having surmounted every species of obstacle in her construction, the stupendous vessel is now ready to dare the perils of the deep. On Monday last she was, to use a French expression, "inaugurated," when a party of between three and four hundred visitors went on board to see the trial of the engines, and to examine the arrangements of the vessel, now that they are in a finished state. The statistics of the different dimensions of everything connected with this ship have been so often published, that we shall content ourselves with reminding the reader that the engines which work the paddles are capable of being disconnected at pleasure, and then form four distinct engines, capable on emergency of exerting a force of 5000 horses when united: the engines belonging to the screw can also be worked up to a force of 6500 horses, making a total power of nearly 12,000 nominal horse-power, which we need hardly say is really a much greater power than could be exerted by this number of animals. At half-past one o'clock on Monday the engines were set in motion, the screw and paddles working in opposite directions, so as not to start the vessel from her moorings. The pressure of steam employed was twenty-one pounds on the square inch, and the engines moved at a speed of about six revolutions per minute in a beautifully easy manner, without any noise or irregularity, or showing any tendency to become heated in the bearings; and the result was universally pronounced to be in the highest degree satisfactory. Steam is employed not only for the propulsion of the vessel, but also to perform a great part of what in other ships would be manual labour. Among other mechanism for this purpose we may notice the four steam winches on deck, each of which works a pair of cranes on both sides of the vessel. These cranes are capable of hoisting 5000 tons of coal on board within 24 hours, and by their use the loss of time is obviated which would otherwise be consumed in taking on board the requisite quantity of fuel. The masts, concerning which such a controversy was carried on some months ago in the papers, are in their places in spite of all opposition; the three centre ones are built of wrought-iron, strengthened by internal partitions; they are built in eight feet lengths, between every two of which a thickness of vulcanised india-rubber is screwed to ensure elasticity to the structure, an object which is thereby perfectly attained. The weight of these masts is twenty-two tons each, while the shrouds which support them are capable of bearing a strain of upwards of 300 tons. Only one of the principal saloons has been fitted up in the style intended to be permanently adopted. The decorations of this room are of the most magnificent description and exquisite taste. The furniture and decoration, including the mirrors, is said to have cost 3000*l*. The way in which the obstruction of the mast in its centre has been overcome deserves special notice: by a peculiar and skilful arrangement of mirrors not only is it concealed, but the apparent size of the room, and the consequent effect, is very considerably increased. The berths are neatly and commodiously fitted up, and are twice the height of those in ordinary vessels; they are divided into classes, some being arranged for parties of six or eight persons, others for parties of four, and others again as ordinary double berths. They are all very roomy and well lit, and those on the outside are extremely well ventilated. Last, but by no means least, especially in so far as the comfort of the passengers is concerned, are the kitchens, &c., which are on a scale equal if not surpassing that of the largest hotels on shore: the ice-house alone is capable of holding 100 tons of that refreshing substance so necessary in a tropical voyage. This brings us to the banquet which appropriately wound up the day's work,

at which the success of the undertaking and the health of the promoters was toasted by Lord Stanley in an appropriate speech, and of course drunk with enthusiasm. Mr. Brunel was unfortunately prevented by illness from being present at the commemoration of the completion of his great enterprise.

**ELECTRICITY.**—The structure of the eggs of birds offers a certain resemblance to some forms of the galvanic battery, inasmuch as it consists of a fluid inclosed in a porous diaphragm, and in contact with another fluid of a different chemical composition. This circumstance attracting the notice of Dr. John Davy, he made it the subject of experiment, in order to ascertain whether any galvanic action was exerted by the different constituents of which the egg is composed. The result fully answered his expectations; and there can be little doubt that electro-chemical action plays an important part in the changes which the egg undergoes during the process of incubation. Using a delicate galvanometer and a suitable apparatus, on plunging one wire into the white and the other, insulated except at the point of contact, into the yolk, the needle was deflected to the extent of 5°; and on changing the wires, the course of the needle was reversed. When the white and yolk were taken out of the shell and the yolk immersed in the white, the effects, on trial, were similar, but not so when the two were well mixed; there no distinct effect was perceptible. Indications also of chemical action were obtained on substituting for the galvanometer a mixture consisting of water, a little gelatinous starch, and a small quantity of iodide of potassium, especially when rendered very sensitive of change by the addition of a few drops of muriatic acid. In the instance of newly-laid eggs the iodine liberated appeared at the pole connected with the white; on the contrary, in that of eggs which had been kept some time, it appeared at the pole connected with the yolk, answering in both to the copper in a single voltaic combination formed of copper and zinc.

## FINE ARTS.

### ART-UNION PRIZE PICTURES.

It is to be hoped that no foreigner will be tempted, by the lure of a free exhibition of British pictures, to enter the Suffolk Street Gallery during the present month, and fancy he is thus gaining a fair notion of the actual condition of British Art. The pictures chosen by the Art-Union prize-holders generally include a large amount of mediocrity; but this year it really seems as though, by some fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, there had been brought about a perverse selection of the tamest, feeblest, and foolishest, from among the more worthless pictures in the exhibitions of 1859. It would be hardly fair perhaps to say that all the pictures in the present exhibition are feeble, foolish, or worthless, because the prevalent dreariness is so great as to render it difficult to appreciate what, seen alone or in better society, might be possibly endurable. One of the first things that will strike the visitor, as he recalls the vast machinery and pompous professions of the Art-Union, will be the extreme poverty (regarding it in even a pecuniary sense) of the present exhibition. So palpable is this that we turned with some curiosity to the "Abstract of the Annual Returns," at the end of the Catalogue, for an explanation. There we saw distinctly enough why the present exhibition presents so poverty-stricken an aspect. But now we should like to have a little elucidation of the principle upon which the Council of the Society are proceeding. Steadily, year by year, the proportion of income set apart for prizes appears to be diminishing. Once it was three-fourths, then two-thirds, a-half, and now it is considerably less than a-third of the whole subscription. Thus, to take for comparison the year in which the amount subscribed was nearest to that of the year just closed, in 1845, when the subscriptions amounted to 15,440*l*., the sum allotted for prizes was 10,300*l*., and the cost of prints, &c., was 3343*l*.; while in 1859, with subscrip-

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tions amounting to 15,210*l.*, we have only 4706*l.* for prizes, and 6980*l.* for prints, &c.; the residuum in the former year being 1797*l.*, in the latter 3524*l.*,—and this large residuum (unaccounted for in the Annual Abstract) seems to have increased proportionally with the decrease in the value of the prizes. But further, as it was plain in looking round the rooms that there could be no probable scale of even artistic self-valuation be anything like 4700*l.* worth of paintings exhibited, we were led to cast up the prices set against the pictures in the Catalogue, and found that the pictures purchased by the Art-Union in 1859 really amount to no more in value than 2873*l.*,—or deducting the sums added by prizeholders, 2670*l.*. The other 2000*l.* of the 4700*l.* appropriated for prizes, is no doubt devoted to the purchase of the prize works in metal and porcelain; but it is somewhat startling, remembering the vaunts made on behalf of the Society as to the services it renders to English painters, to find that out of a subscription exceeding 15,200*l.*, the Art-Union only spends 2870*l.* on paintings. We do not know whether this somewhat singular state of things is understood and approved by the subscribers, but we confess that, doubtfully as we have for some time regarded the proceedings of the Society, we were not prepared to find the result of its art-patronage so curiously small as this.

The exhibition consists of 106 pictures, of which 85 are oil paintings. The holder of the principal prize of 200*l.* has selected Mr. Hering's very pretty and very feeble 'Lago Maggiore' from the Royal Academy. The holder of the next prize has secured Mr. Horlor's 'Highland Sport,' a most palpable and very coarse imitation of Landseer, at the marvellous price of 150*l.*. But even a worse and more unmeaning picture, 'Ophelia,' by A. Ercole, has been chosen by the 100*l.* prizeholder. The 75*l.* prize-holders have taken Mr. Tennant's 'Rock Quarry,' and Mr. Pettit's 'Blackpool,' from the Society of British Artists. The 60*l.* prize-holder has added 3*l.* to obtain Mr. Crowe's 'Milton visiting Galileo in the prison of the Inquisition;' and the winner of a 40*l.* prize has added 35*l.* that he may possess Mr. Corbould's 'Bold and Bashful,' from the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Lower we need not descend. It may suffice to state that a large proportion of the lesser prizes consists of landscapes, and that there is a pretty plentiful sprinkling of *genre* pictures of the kind manufactured to meet the Art-Union demand; but among them all there is not one that it would be a pleasure to comment on, or that claims a favourable notice on the ground of its merits having been overlooked when originally exhibited.

On the whole, perhaps the most satisfactory part of the exhibition is that of the metal and parian prize articles; but few, if any, among them are new. We notice that it is proposed to present one of the parian busts of Clytie to every member who shall have subscribed ten years without gaining any kind of prize. For the current year the Council offer but a comparatively small engraving, 'Come Along,' by Mr. F. Holl, from the drawing by Mr. J. J. Jenkins, and to supplement it with a volume of thirty rather commonplace woodcuts from pictures by deceased British artists. Let us hope that, as a compensation, a more liberal arrangement will be made than in the past year for the purchase of picture prizes.

#### RAFFAELLE AND MICHEL ANGELO.

The original drawings by Raffaele and Michel Angelo, belonging to the University of Oxford, are now placed for exhibition during the present month in the rooms constructed for the Vernon Gallery at South Kensington; and the art-student will do well to avail himself of the brief opportunity thus afforded of contemplating those admirable works at his leisure. This collection, we need hardly remind our readers, though shorn of some of its choicest members before it became the property of the University, is still the finest and most extensive existing collection of the drawings of these great artists. Comprising drawings of every kind, from the rudest jottings

of a passing thought, or note of a position, or rough memorandum or careful outline of some apparently unimportant accessory, to the most elaborate and exquisitely finished studies of their most important pictures—the Vatican frescoes, the 'Last Judgment,' the 'Ascension,' and Holy Families innumerable—these drawings are the most interesting and suggestive proofs of their care and diligence, as they are of their knowledge and genius. In them, too, while the characteristic power of each is distinctly shown, we see that when he chose, Michel Angelo could manifest the grace, refinement, and tenderness of Raffaele, and that Raffaele could at times display something of the strength and energy of Michel Angelo. The drawings are not so conveniently arranged as at Oxford, but they can be very well seen. With them are shown a few other drawings by the same masters from private collections, and a large number of Raffaele photographs made by the Department of Science and Art. Of these the most important are the series, of several different sizes, made from the Cartoons at Hampton Court, by Mr. Thurston Thompson; and a very admirable series of photographic facsimiles of the drawings of Raffaele and his school in the Museum of the Louvre, executed by the special permission of the French government.

There is thus provided in the South Kensington Museum a rare treat for the student, and for all who care to trace the mode of study and practice of a great genius. With a liberality that cannot be too warmly recognised, the University of Oxford has given full permission to the South Kensington authorities to make photographic copies of the Raffaele and Michel Angelo drawings for use in the public schools of art, and for sale at a moderate tariff to the public; and the department intends "to procure, if possible, photographs from all the original drawings and cartoons of Raffaele and Michel Angelo, known to be in this country, and to issue them as a complete national work." Meanwhile those now at South Kensington are being photographed, and it is expected that by October next sufficient copies will have been printed to enable the public issue to be commenced.

One or two other temporary art-exhibitions call for note whilst speaking of South Kensington Museum. In one of the new rooms there has just been placed a collection of a dozen small modern oil-paintings, the property of Mr. Samuel Gurney, by whom they have been lent for public exhibition for a short time. They are all of cabinet size, and comprise Edouard Dubufe's well-known portrait of 'Rosa Bonheur,' two Egyptian views by T. H. Frère; Webster's 'Saying Grace;' 'Fruit,' by Lance; 'Going to London,' by Frith, Creswick, and Andsell; a 'Surrey Landscape,' by Linnell; a charming little 'River Scene,' by Creswick; an atrociously vulgar and ill painted portrait of the late 'Samuel Gurney,' by a nameless hand; and two small views, apparently of portions of the Gurney grounds at Upton.

Another temporary loan now on view in the Central Court of the Art-Museum, comprises half-a-dozen very choice specimens of Limoges enamels, including works by the Pénicauds, Pierre Raymond, and Leonard Limosin,—which have been lent by Sir F. E. Scott, Bart. The antique gems (450 in number, and chiefly from the Hertz collection), lent by M. Uzielli, Esq., also remain on view in the Central Hall; as does, in the Sculpture Room, the marble statue of 'Venus,' by Gibson, likewise, lent by Mr. Uzielli.

The exhibition of French pictures is over, and the pictures are removed; but the French Gallery is not closed. It now contains three or four separate series of pictures, neither sufficient in itself to form an attractive exhibition, but together certainly worth a visit.

The first and most important consists of five paintings by Madame Henriette Browne. For some years past Madame Browne has been steadily winning favour with her countrymen, and last year one of her larger works attracted so much attention at the Salon that it was purchased by the French government. That picture is the chief

of those now exhibiting in the French Gallery. It represents a couple of Beguines or Sisters of Charity nursing a sick child. The figures are life-size; the Sisters three-quarter, the child full-length. The Sisters are habited of course in the dark robes and wear the strange winged cap or head-dress of their order. The younger of the two has the child on her lap, and is watching with calm pity its helpless languor. The elder sister is standing by a table mixing a draught. The picture it will be seen trusts wholly to the sentiment for its effect. And that is wrought out with much delicacy and tenderness. The Sisters are painted with portrait-like fidelity, and, with a certain family likeness, they preserve something of professional or conventual placidity; but the pure, loving, womanly sympathy beams through the outside formalism. The wearied languor of the child is very happily expressed in every limb, as well as in the countenance. Altogether it is an impressive and touching work—but one fitted rather for the public room of a hospital than for a private dwelling. The execution is broad, simple, and effective; though the faces are somewhat waxen and unsubstantial. The second large picture represents two members of some religious sisterhood engaged in reading the Scriptures; and is a picture almost quaker-like in its simplicity and severity. Here again the portrait-like character of the heads is very striking; but a third picture, a 'Portrait of a Gentleman' (the artist's father, we believe), reveals the secret at once of her power and of her lack of ideality. Madame Browne it is evident is a portrait painter in spirit and in practice. This head is one which few living portrait painters of any country could surpass; and, as the work of a lady, is quite remarkable for its masculine breadth and vigour. The other two pictures are of very small dimensions. One is a study of 'A Sister of Charity,' apparently the elder sister in the first picture, like whom she is standing by a table mixing medicine, but in a different position. The last of the series is entitled 'The Brace-button,' and represents a little girl kneeling to sew a button on to the nether garment of a younger brother. In subject, style, and treatment, it is an imitation of Edouard Frère; and while it is even heavier in touch and more monotonous in colour, it possesses not a little of his *naïveté* and charm.

The second series of pictures in these rooms consists of thirty-four sketches made in Algeria by Madame Barbara L. Smith Bodichon. They are in water-colours (body-colour being very freely employed), and are executed in a rough, bold style—sometimes almost coarse in the boldness, but with a good deal of freshness and spirit. They consist of views of the open country, backed by ranges of purple mountains; of mountain passes, coast scenes, towns, tombs; studies of trees, flowers, and herbage, painted from nature; and they show the appearance of the country in broad daylight, and as seen by the rising and the setting sun.

Besides these there are in the Gallery, as we mentioned last week, a hundred coloured drawings, made from the pictures in the Royal Collections for engraving in the *Art-Journal*. The drawings are very carefully executed, and give as good an idea as such works can of the originals.

The encaustic decorations of the ambulatories of the Royal Exchange are being restored under the superintendence of Herr Sang, by whom the original decorations were executed. At present only the south side is approaching completion, and the contrast between its lightsome brilliancy and the dingy aspect of the other sides, is rather suggestive of a doubt as to the suitability of this kind of painting for the situation. Mr. Sang appears to be adopting a brighter and more ornate style than in his original painting. In that he seems to have aimed at working in the spirit of the orthodox Italian arabesque; in his new work he is more eclectic. At present the finished part looks crude, not to say inharmonious, in colour, and somewhat bizarre in design; but it cannot be fairly appreciated till it can be properly examined as a whole.

## SALE OF LORD NORTHWICK'S PICTURES.

WE continue our list of the principal lots sold since our last. The prices obtained for the works of the old masters are, with few exceptions, below what had probably been anticipated. But, as we before mentioned, many works were unduly ascribed to the highest names, and some genuine pictures had suffered much from injudicious treatment. Other causes will readily suggest themselves :

Ninth day, Lot 852, Rembrandt, 'Portraits of the Burgomaster Six and his Wife,' from the collection of Sir S. Clarke, 175 guineas (Eckford); 861, 'Hugo Van der Goet, 'The Salutation' and 'The Presentation in the Temple, with Saints on the reverse,' a pair, 135 guineas (Eckford); 881, Sandro Botiacci, 'The Virgin kneeling in adoration before the sleeping Infant,' 155 guineas (Colnaghi); 890, 'Timoteo Della Vita, 'The Taking Down from the Cross,' 200 guineas (Drax, M.P.); 906, Correggio, 'The Virgin and Child,' 110 guineas (Drax); 911, Raffaele, 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' like the Correggio just named, at least of doubtful quality, 170 guineas (Drax); 913, Francesco Francia, 'Virgin and Child, St. Lawrence, and Pope Sixtus,' 101 guineas (Chippendale); 924, Pinturicchio, 'The Nativity,' a work of considerable merit, said to have been formerly borne as a banner through the streets of Florence on festival days, 240 guineas (Drax). The ninth day's sale comprised 103 lots, which realised 3600*l*.

Tenth day, Lot 974, Bernardino Luini, 'The Virgin and Child, St. Catherine, and St. Barbara, reading a book,' 125 guineas (Fenney); 990, Titian, 'Portrait of Pope Paul III.,' 101 guineas (Eckford); 991, Nicolas Poussin, 'Venus appearing to Æneas,' a picture of great brilliancy, 240 guineas (Nieuwenhuys); 996, Giorgione, 'Cupid wounded by his own arrow, preferring his complaint to Venus,' from the Orleans Gallery, one of the gems of the Northwick Gallery, and one that, recollecting how poor the national collection is in the works of Giorgione, we should have been glad to know was secured for the National Gallery, 1250 guineas (Mawson); 1001, Titian, 'Tarquin and Lucretia,' formerly in the collection of Charles I., whence it passed into that of the King of Spain, from which country it was carried away by Joseph Bonaparte, 395 guineas (Nieuwenhuys); 1002, Gentile Bellini, 'The interview between Mahomet II. and the Patriarch Gennadius, at Constantinople,' 131 guineas (Budd and Prior); 1007, Titian, 'A landscape, with Diana and her Nymphs interrupted by the approach of Actæon,' 101 guineas (Pearce); 1008, Francesco Bossolo, 'Virgin and Child, in a landscape,' 120 guineas (Eckford); 1009, Velasquez, 'An Equestrian Portrait of Don Luis de Haro, with an attendant on foot,' a very fine example of the master, 920 guineas (Stopford); 1011, Jan Bellini, 'The Repose of the Holy Family in a landscape,' 102 guineas (Drax); 1012, Titian, 'Portrait of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey,' 141 guineas (Bennett); 1106, Murillo, 'The Vision of St. Augustine of Canterbury,' the saint is washing the feet of the Saviour, who appears before him in the character of a pilgrim. From his mouth proceed the words, "*Magne prefer Augustine, tibi commendo ecclesiam meam*." This fine gallery picture was originally painted for the nuns of the San-Leandro Order of St. Austen; it was purchased by Mr. Standish, for 600*l*., at Seville, in 1825, from Mr. Denistoun's collection, 245 guineas (Sir E. Lechmere, Bart.); 1017, Van der Heygen, and A. Vandevelde, 'A View of the Grounds and Château of Ryswick, near the Hague, in which the treaty of peace between England, Germany, France, and Spain was signed in 1697,' 130 guineas (Bond). The tenth day's sale included 96 lots, and realised 6320*l*.

Eleventh day, Lot 1060, David Teniers, 'A Village Fête,' a capital work, 250 guineas (Farrar); 1073, Francesco Francia, 'Virgin and Child, a landscape in the background, 132 guineas (Chippendale); 1074, Sebastiano del Piombo, 'A Triptych, or Altar-piece in three compartments, the centre represents the Saviour about to be placed in the Sepulchre, with the Virgin and Saints weeping,' from Mr. Gilmore's collection—but unquestionably not by Sebastiano del Piombo, to whose turn of thought and manner of handling it bears no resemblance, 140 guineas (J. Drax, M.P.); 1079, Bernardino Luini, 'Virgin and Child,' a very pleasing picture of its class, 200 guineas (Scott); 1084, Rubens, 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' a gallery picture, but of very doubtful quality, though said to be the picture engraved by Bolswert, 175 guineas (Mr. Bethel Waldron); 1087, Moretto di Brescia, 'The Glorification of the Virgin,' formerly the altar-piece at the Church of St. Faustino and Jovito at Brescia, from the collection of Dr. Faccioli of Verona, 550 guineas purchased for the National Gallery; 1090, Raffaele Mengs, 'The Madonna of Foligno,' 106 guineas (Royal Academy—as curious a purchase as even an Academy could be expected to make, but bought, we may hope, to be placed in the Painting-Room as a warning, on the same principle that the South Kensington Art-Institution exhibits carpets and paper-hangings of intense ugliness for the edification of the students); 1093, Mabuse, 'Portraits of Jeanne la Folle, her daughter, wife of Francis I., and her son, afterwards Charles V.,' 190 guineas (Colnaghi); 1094, Nicolo Poussin, 'Nymphs, Satyrs, and Fauns,' a fine work, engraved by J. Marquette, 300 guineas (Colnaghi); 1096, Velasquez, 'A Boar Hunt,' said to be the original study for the large picture in the National Gallery, from Lord Cowley's collection, 310 guineas (Mawson); 1120, Salvator Rosa, 'L'Umana Fragilità,' formerly in the Ghigi Palace at Rome, a work of unusual richness and glow of colour and style, very carefully painted, and displaying great power of thought and imagination, 330 guineas (Agnew); 1127, Massacio, 'His own Portrait,' exhibited at Manchester, 103 guineas (the National Gallery). The day's sale included 100 lots, and the sum obtained exceeded 5450*l*.

## THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

ONE of the most prosperous—perhaps the most prosperous—of all the Royal Italian Opera seasons was brought most brilliantly to a close last Saturday evening, with the sixth performance of M. Meyerbeer's charming opera, *Dinorah*, which has gained more and more upon the public every night since its first representation, and doubtless would have continued to draw immense audiences, had the theatre remained open for the amusement of a host of patrons, who, whilst nearly all fashionable London is rushing away, still stay on, in spite of gloomy weather and other nuisances which pervade every part of the metropolis in the autumnal season. Considering how exceedingly attractive this opera has proved, it is to be regretted that it was not brought forward earlier in the season; yet there is every reason to believe that it was presented at the very first moment the direction could accomplish that purpose, and in defiance, too, of the composer's own wishes, since he imagined that it was utterly impossible so difficult a work could be mastered so as to please the public, and give him satisfaction, after only two full rehearsals.

That M. Meyerbeer was astonished at the success of the first performance, we have reason to know. That he has been entirely satisfied with the justice that has been done to his work, both by the principal artists, band, and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, there is also every reason to believe. The proof has indeed been again afforded to him, that there is nothing within the compass of possibility which the Royal Italian *corps opératique* cannot accomplish, under the direction of its able and distinguished *chef d'orchestre*, M. Costa, to whom the word "impossible" seems to be unknown. It is the fashion in certain quarters, and amongst a hypercritical class of musical cynics, continually to praise Italy, France, and Germany at the expense of England, in all matters connected with musical progress; but we have no hesitation in asserting, that there is no other theatre on the whole continent where such an opera as *Dinorah* could have been brought out in the same time, in a similar perfect manner, to that of its production at Covent Garden last Tuesday fortnight. Neither is there a band nor chorus anywhere to be met with—principal singers there may be—who could have elicited such effects as have been, from first to last, manifested at this theatre, in this pastoral but immensely difficult opera. We look forward to *Dinorah* as likely to prove a mine of wealth to the Royal Italian Opera, and to assist in the maintenance of its resources, together with those other popular compositions of M. Meyerbeer, which have held their ground, and never failed to draw.

It has been asserted that one of the causes for the very late production of *Dinorah* is to be accounted for through the death of Madame Bosio, who, had she lived, would have been entrusted with the music of the heroine. It may be so; but much as that lamented lady has been this year missed at Covent Garden, and however much her loss must be deplored, there is no doubt that the *prima donna* whom Mr. Gye was able to secure, is far better suited to the peculiar rôle of *Dinorah* than the deceased Italian *prima donna* would have been. Madame Bosio would have sung the music creditably for the most part, and in some instances charmingly; but she would have lacked the *esprit* of Madame Miolan-Carvalho, and would have been wanting in that child-like playfulness of deportment, which, together with her exquisite vocalisation, rendered this French lady's creation so inimitable. Whatever the public has lost in other respects by Madame Bosio's death, they have certainly gained in this instance; and it is no reflection upon the memory of the deceased to say this, inasmuch as there are certain operas, such as the *Rigoletto* and the *Traviata*, for instance, in which she would have put all rivalry between herself and Madame Miolan-Carvalho completely *hors de combat*. The manner of each would have been showed—had competition ever taken place between them—to belong to a totally different idiosyncrasy. Each would have been found to be

excellent in some operas, but most inefficient in others. Comparison has not, however, been permitted, and we merely refer to what might have been because we discover that an impression prevails on one side, that Madame Miolan-Carvalho will never replace Madame Bosio; whilst, on the other, the new French singer is claimed as about to become a perfect substitute for the Italian *artiste*. That the former lady will be highly useful to Mr. Gye there is no doubt, but she will not be all that is required in those pure Italian operas, which, after all, set forth the sterling qualities of a singer, and afford a test of compatibility, which, with all their cleverness, M. Meyerbeer's works are not altogether calculated to present. Mr. Gye will be wise doubtless to make much of his new acquisition; but she will not even displace Madame Lotti de la Santa, who in Italian music, if she will only study and persevere to overcome excessive nervousness, is much more likely, in the course of time, to become Madame Bosio's legitimate successor.

With respect to the brilliant season which has just terminated, we can only offer a few passing remarks. The Royal Italian Opera opened on the 2nd of April, with Verdi's *Traviata*, and afforded an opportunity of introducing an entirely unknown singer, Madame Lotti de la Santa, of whom we have already spoken, to the *habitués*, who, although far from being a complete mistress of her art, gave such evident indications of talent, that her success was at once set down as being much beyond that of mere *estime*, as it is termed by the French. Of another new comer, Mlle. Calderon, who only appeared twice, it is enough to say that she was unsuccessful, and at once retired from a position where her deficiencies were too palpably apparent. Nature has not intended this lady for a *prima donna*. In the useful secondary class she might in due time obtain a reputation, but her *fiasco* in the *Sonnambula* was too positive to induce the direction to engage her services in that department, even if she had been indisposed to descend from the pinnacle upon which she had essayed to place herself. To supply the immediate loss of M<sup>me</sup>. Bosio, M<sup>me</sup>. Penco was engaged, but did not prove an attractive substitute. That this lady has a thorough knowledge of her art, and has been a fair average singer was certainly ascertained; but her method is somewhat unrefined, her manner exaggerated, and her deportment cold, whilst her voice, if ever it had any freshness, has entirely lost that charm. She failed to produce any impression whatever in the *Traviata*, and was accepted purely upon the strength of her continental—chiefly Parisian—reputation; but she never won genuine esteem, or was regarded as one of those "stars" which have shed a never-to-be-forgotten brilliancy upon the Royal Italian Opera. Her *Zeßlina* in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was the worst by many degrees that we have ever seen—not even excepting Mlle. Piccolomini's version, which is as bad as it can well be, seeing that this petted and somewhat spoiled young lady positively cannot sing the notes set down for the character. Of the demands of Mozart's delicious music M<sup>me</sup>. Penco has not the slightest notion. Indeed it was truly painful to listen to the crude and incompetent manner, in which she dealt with such *moreaux* as "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carina;" whilst in the concerted music, and especially in the "Sola, sola," she was entirely at fault. We were never amongst the ardent admirers of M<sup>me</sup>. Bosio's interpretation of this part, but M<sup>me</sup>. Penco's version was many degrees below that of her accomplished predecessor, whose place she has so inadequately filled. We are not informed whether an engagement for the season of 1870 has been offered to M<sup>me</sup>. Penco; but, if it has been, and has also been accepted, we are convinced that, even with the chance of a second trial, she will never become a favourite in London. New talent is unquestionably needed at Covent Garden; for it is impossible that the old standards can raise their heads much longer so as to retain permanent success, or to uphold the palmy reputation of this house. Nevertheless, any change, especially in the female department, must be of a much higher



order than that to which Mdme. Penco has attained, to be considered satisfactory. Of the male artists, the only *novus homo* of the season is Sig. Debassini, who some years ago was engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre. He was selected as a make-shift for Sig. Graziani, during the pending litigation between Mr. Gye and that "baritone in debate," and proved to be a useful substitute; but his voice is worn and faded by continued employment, and therefore he made no very great progress through the season in public favour. The only part in which Sig. Debassini might have had a chance of making a hit—that of the *Comte de St. Bris* in the *Huguenots*—he is said to have refused, which—if so—was little else than an impertinence, seeing that a far greater master of his art than he has ever been, or ever will be, Sig. Tamburini, played this rôle before him, and never considered it a condescension to appear as the Roman Catholic nobleman in that great opera. Of the older members of the company it is scarcely necessary to say a word. Time has passed gently over most of them, and during the last four months they have indeed done much to retain that regard and esteem—we had almost said, affection—which the English public feels towards them. Yet it must be evident, even to themselves, that they are drawing near the time of their setting, and that it is indispensable the direction should be looking for other talent that may be rising so as to secure the best that offers, seeing that it is utterly impossible for the Royal Italian Opera to exist for ever upon the exertions of Mdme. Grisi and Sigs. Mario and Ronconi, or even Tambrlik. "Soldi the sonorous" has already gone to his account. That it will be most difficult to supply the places of these *artistes*, all who know their worth and value their loyalty to this theatre will at once admit; but the gradual diminution of physical capabilities must sooner or later compel them to abdicate the thrones they have so long and so ably filled to the satisfaction of the public, and, we trust, to their own pecuniary advantage. The chorus, and especially the band, have been again and again drafted and strengthened by the best talent that could be secured, the consequence of which is that they have always been kept up to the highest point of efficiency. It is doubtless much more easy to supply the places of such executants, who are from time to time removed from these departments, than it is to meet with competent principals; but it is becoming every year more indispensable that new blood should be infused in the higher departments. A new *seconda donna* is absolutely requisite for next year, Mdme. Marai, who was never equal to the demands of such a position, having this season totally failed to produce the slightest enthusiasm. What she has gained in *embellishment* she has lost in voice, so that she can now scarcely be heard beyond the second or third row of seats. On the other hand, nothing is wanting in Mdme. Didiée's department. The improvement of this lady during the last two or three years is immense. She therefore holds her place against all competition; though if such an opera as the *Prophète* is ever to be again played at Covent Garden, the direction would do well not to overlook the claims of Mdme. Artôt, who is the only contralto at present before the public who could supply the place of her friend and instructress, Mdme. Viardot, in the rôle of *Fidès*. When Mdme. Grisi gives up *Valentina* in the *Huguenots*, which she now ought to be thinking of doing, we know of no one who at present would be better calculated to take up that rôle than Mdme. Artôt. Whilst new blood, however, is needed amongst the principals, there is one part which never can be filled by any possibility be better or more worthily filled—that of Conductor. Here the Royal Italian Opera has the greatest *chef d'orchestre* of the age at the helm, and so long as he is there—and may it be for many years to come!—the lustre of the Royal Italian Opera can never be dimmed. Take M. Costa for all in all, we shall never look upon his like again. Truly do we congratulate Mr. Gye—than whom, in his own peculiar department, no one can be more

efficient—upon the retention of M. Costa's invaluable services, no less than upon the success of the past season, which we trust has been as profitable in solid results, as it has been brilliant in all that appertains to the advancement of musical science and progress.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Another of that unobjectionable class of French pieces to which *The Porter's Knot* and *Daddy Hardacre* belong was produced here on Saturday night, the occasion being Mr. Webster's annual benefit. The piece is entitled, *One Touch of Nature*, and gives Mr. Webster, as the hero, a sublimation of his character of *Triplet* in *Masks and Faces*. Mr. Fletcher, an English dramatic author who has his own way at the theatre—an altogether impossible character by the bye—is dissatisfied with a young actress at a rehearsal, and he is about to give the part of the heroine to another lady, when the eloquence of his poor hack Mr. Holder (Mr. Webster) causes him to forego his determination; and, still under the earnest influence of the poor scribe, he consents to give the actress a lesson at his, the author's, own magnificent rooms. The "plot" of the rehearsed play is the restoration of a daughter to her father by his gentle description of the old home of long ago, and when we add that the scene is a reality, and that the actress, *Constance* (Miss H. Simms), is really *Holder's* daughter, it can readily be understood how thoroughly Mr. Webster has the sympathy of his audience under his command. The honest "double entendre" of the acting is delightful. In the supposed play the father recalls a rustic home, but *Holder*, who performs the father at the rehearsal, forgets his part, and suggests the real old home, the poor garret in Long Acre, whence she was taken by a guilty mother to live in the midst of sin. The gradual awakening of the girl to a remembrance of the old home, and the suppressed hope of the father are exquisitely brought out. The many "touches of nature" which breathe within the parent, so to speak, are excellent, and we can only say that we are willing to witness as many of these pure French pieces as the managers are moved to give us—men and women are the better for such moral exhibitions; and in conclusion we are quite sure Mr. Webster will not be so ungenerous as to shelve this piece. It may have been produced for one night only, but the public have almost a right to witness many representations. We have but one objection: let the dramatic author be changed to a dramatic manager—at present the piece rates only too highly the position of dramatic writers.

The old pleygoer must feel some pain in again witnessing *Flowers of the Forest*. The old Adelphi is gone; Madame Celeste, the welcome *Cynthia*, is missed from her accustomed place; O. Smith is dead; the original *Starlight Bess*, poor Mrs. Fitzwilliam, has been in her grave for years; and Mr. Wright is almost forgotten. It is more than seven years since this effective drama was played, and upon its reproduction on Monday it must have seemed a new drama to many of the audience. It is, however, our pleasant duty to state that the revival was a most successful one. Mr. Toole did his best—a great deal—as *Cicap John*, Wright's old part; Miss Kate Kelly, as *Cynthia*, paled before the memory of Mrs. Fitzwilliam; as did also Mrs. Billington in the character of *Cynthia*, for it was Celeste's. The only actor in the cast who took a part in the *Flowers of the Forest* now so long ago was Mr. Paul Bedford as *Kinchin*, and it seemed to us that he had no great desire to perform the character with the old atrocious perfection. Mr. T. Stuart took O. Smith's part of *Ishmael*. Miss Woolgar again assumed her character of *Lemuel*, and with the old success. In conclusion, it must be a great satisfaction to Mr. Buckstone to know that his piece is as fully enjoyed as ever it was.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A young actress, name unknown, made her *début* here on Monday in the singularly hopeless character of *Miss Leslie* in *A Nabob for an Hour*. There is not a point in the entire farce for the character; and, as

the young lady suffered from loss of memory, an exhibition of what talent she may have was impeded. She is very young and ladylike, but at present exceedingly quiet, unobtrusive, and undramatic, with a tendency to needless sentimentalism.

Mr. Emden will take a benefit at the Olympic to-night; the programme includes the ever-potent *Wandering Minstrel*, and the touching drama, *The Porter's Knot*.

"A theatre to be sold by easy payments" is the headline of a *Times* advertisement this week; and it must be satisfactory to dissatisfied London managers—if there are such, now the very hot weather has departed—to know that even theatrical property in lively Brussels, where stands this advertised building, is actually at a discount. Imagine a theatre come down to the plebeianism of Mile End chairs and tables—imagine a theatre which can hold 3000 persons being sold, and "weekly payments taken." The degradation is only equalled by the ingenuousness of the advertiser. Who can suppose any Englishman would be so insane as to invest British coin in a foreign theatre? Assuredly the Brussels auctioneer must have some vague Whittingtonian notion of London pavements, or has imbibed the continental notion of moneyed milords looking out for hopeless investments as a means of getting rid of superfluous money; or perhaps the tantalising shade of a late lessee of Covent Garden rose before the active Brusselsite. Alas, poor man! we can trap our own golden geese. *Apropos* to theatres, we are reminded that the popular Britannia needs not be offered for sale in the Brussels market, if its present proprietors were desirous of its disposal. From a poor concert room, which barely held a hundred people, it has grown to a commodious and substantial building which will contain 3000 persons. So it is probably as large as the Brussels building before mentioned. This Britannia theatre is unique; it exhibits all its wood-work, plaster is a despised sophistication, and we hear that the rafters were purposely left naked, which they certainly are, in order to yield ocular demonstration of strength to a doubting audience.

The theatre known as the Pavilion has entered the field against Mr. Beverley, for while this latter artist only afforded us a painted storm at the Royal Italian Opera, the direction of the Pavilion obliges the *habitués* of that eastern theatrical temple with fifty tons of water as a *Mountain Torrent*, which is also the name of the piece, and such an effect fills the house to an extent which is as overpowering as the torrent,—which in reality does not go beyond fifty pints.

We hear that the subscriptions to the Kean Testimonial are pouring in beyond all expectation. *The Wife's Secret* is to be revived at the Princess's on Monday next, after a lapse of seven years. Seeing the popularity of this play, and the individuality Mrs. Kean has given to the character of the heroine, we can but regret the small number of representations of this delightful play, as vivified by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, the public will be able to witness.

DINORAH.—The moon in *Dinorah* has caused some considerable mystification amongst unimaginative people, who call a hat a hat, and not a "Golgotha," as a Manchester hatter is at present doing, and who are too matter-of-fact to have their lunar doubts set on one side by the delightful singing and acting of Mielan-Carvalho in the "Shadow Scene." It has, doubtless, been remarked that the moon in this scene comes with startling rapidity, and goes away with equal celerity, and that its entire rays are concentrated in a prismatically edged disk. "Excuse me," said a prosaic gentleman in the pit, who could not realise this as a legitimate phenomenon, "excuse me, sir," to his neighbour, "but is it anything supernatural?" Indeed, we may add that the wondrous reality of Meyerbeer's music is certainly marred by this bull's-eye arrangement. May we suggest for the next season a grey glass quadrant, two inches thick on one side, and sloping to an edge on the other,

the whole working on a pivot. This mechanism, while not impeding the rapid coming and going of the moonlight, which the score imperatively requires, would provide for the degrees of light which are natural in the most rapid moonlight changes; as it is, the phenomenal illumination is "super," or rather "sub-natural." And again, in the *finale*, the introduction of a reflected white light upon the heroine is sadly incongruous with the extreme and beautiful simplicity of the religious music. We cannot help fancying the departure of the procession, the faint repetition of the hymn, and an entirely emptied stage would be infinitely preferable to the pantomimic scene Mr. Gye has given us; and should it be urged that English audiences are not prepared to see a curtain fall upon an empty stage, we urge, in return, that the experiment could at least be tried on so propitious an occasion as the next performance of *Dinorah* at the Royal Italian Opera. A most absurd scene took place on the closing night of the Opera. A gentleman in the amphitheatre, most enthusiastic in his terminating applause, loudly called for Mr. Costa, giving the name its legitimate Italian pronunciation. The able conductor, not responding to the call, the gentleman, in common with many others present, called still more loudly, when a comparative "rough" in the amphitheatre itself, either ignoring the Italian language, or desirous of proving to Mr. Costa that he for one was desirous of giving him an English name as well as a naturalisation, shrieked out, "Coster—Coster—Coster!" The "swell" below bore it very well for a little time, though evidently taking the matter personally, and for a moment or two there was an intermittent cannonade of "Costa!" "Coster!" "Costa!" "Coster!" At last the gentleman could bear it no longer and shouted out "Monger, monger—Costermonger!—Costa, Costa!" the gentleman above shouting out his version of the matter all the time. And it was only when the two combatants saw some general attention directed towards them that they subsided into silence and departed, each glaring at each to the very last.

**SURREY GARDENS.**—These gardens continue well attended. Mr. Sims Reeves sang on Monday, and he has yielded to the system of encores, which, however hearty, is certainly unjust. The accomplished tenor repeated a new ballad by Mr. Howard, entitled "The Corn Fields," and sang several of his best songs during the evening. Miss Dolby and Madame Louisa Vinning also sang on this occasion several popular and even threadbare songs. We are fond of Scotch music, but "Over the Sea," and "Comin' thro' the Rye" were not written yesterday. The Delapierre family have created quite a musical sensation on the Surrey side of the water.

#### JAMES THE FIRST'S LETTER BOOK.

James I. Patent appointing Ulric, Duke of Holstein, brother of the King of Denmark and of the Queen of England, to the Order of the Garter. 1606, October?

James I. Patent granting an honorary stipend (the sum not named) to William, Duke of Cumberland. 1606, October?

James I. to the Emperor of Germany. Again urges him to pardon Henry Gunther, and refers to the bearer Gansel Tengnagel on the subject. 1606, October?

James I. to the Count of Emden. Thanks him for a new present of falcons, as well as for those sent last year, which are the best he ever had, and arrived sound and uninjured. 1606, November.

James I. to the King of Denmark. Thanks for letters and for falcons, which are many and good as usual. It grieved him to return words only, but trusts to find him something, as Anstruther, his servant, has mentioned some things which he thinks may not be unacceptable. 1607, January.

James I. Safe conduct for Ralph Starkey, merchant, of London, appointed to procure certain things necessary for public buildings, and for naval matters, and especially to buy planks and masts. 1607, January 15, Westminster.

James I. to the Emperor of Russia. Congratulates him on the happy issue of affairs in his kingdom, on the restoration of tranquillity, and on his having driven the pseudo-Demetrius from his throne. Requests his favour towards the case of a Polish noble, Stanislaus Buckinsky, and that an Englishman, Christopher Reitlinger, a doctor, who had been in that country when Richard Ley was ambassador there, and who had since been in great trouble, may be permitted, if no crime can be alleged against him, to return to his own country. 1607, January.

James I. to the Marquess of Brandenburg. Requests his intercession in the case of Ralph Starkey, a merchant

of London, who has been defrauded of 50*l*. by John Rothermaker, of Hamburg, in respect of a contract for masts for ships. 1607, February 11.

James I. to the Duke of Cumberland. Commends to his favour Thomas Buck, a gentleman who is desirous to enter into military service abroad, rather than to live at home in ease and idleness. 1607, February.

James I. to the Emperor of Germany. Requests his favour towards Count Enno, of East Phrysia. 1607, February.

James I. to the King of Spain. The dissensions between the Count of East Frisia and the citizens of Emden being appeased, he suggests that the said citizens should be comprised in the treaty between them two, and have liberty to trade to Spain. 1607, February.

James I. to the Count of Emden. Congratulates him on the settlement of the differences with his citizens, and has written in their behalf to the King of Spain and the Archduke of Austria. 1607, February.

James I. to the King of Denmark. In behalf of the Lord de Vitrey, one of the Guard of the King of France, fond of hunting, who has been staying with him in England. He knowing from experience that the best horses for hawking used in France, are those that come from Denmark, desires to buy some, and his Majesty's leave is requested that he may do so. 1607, March.

James I. to the Emperor of Germany. Requests the settlement and confirmation of the privileges and conditions previously enjoyed by the English merchants in his Empire, and especially in the City of Stade. 1607, March.

James I. to the King of Spain. Wonders that satisfaction has not yet been made for various injuries committed upon his subjects, in violation of the treaty. Informs him of the unjust and cruel treatment of Adrian Thibault, a merchant, by his Admiral, Ludovic Faziard, and requests redress and restitution of his property. 1607, March.

The Lord High Admiral of England to the Duke of Lerma. Commends to his notice the case of Adrian Thibault, a prisoner in Spain, whose ship and goods had been unjustly confiscated, that he may be set at liberty, and his goods restored. 1607, March?

James I. to the Town of Hamburg. Requests inquiry into the case of Francis Angier, to whom money had been awarded out of the goods of Peter Gerard, deceased, which money had been intercepted on some pretext of debt by another Englishman, named Richard Caldropp. 1607, March.

(To be continued.)

#### MISCELLANEA.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—57,450 persons were admitted during the week ending Friday last.

**MADAME ANNA BISHOP.**—This talented lady is, we regret to learn, about to leave England for America. Previous to her departure she will give, on Monday evening next, at the Surrey Gardens, a monster farewell concert, at which a number of distinguished vocal and instrumental artists will assist. The attractions of the entertainments will be increased by a double display of fireworks, a balloon ascent, and a "grand ball."

**OBITUARY.**—During the week several public men have passed from amongst us, Sir George T. Staunton, Bart., the celebrated Chinese scholar, being one. The health of the deceased *savant* had been breaking for two or three years, and he expired at his town residence, Devonshire Street, on Wednesday last. Sir George was seventy-eight years of age. We have also to record the early death of Mr. D. Owen Maddyn, author of "Chiefs of Parties," at Dublin, on Saturday last. Mr. Maddyn was a Conservative writer, and of late wrote many humorous magazine articles.

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"I am Sir, your obedient servant,

"HUBERT G. DE CARTELET, Secretary,

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